

# GREATHEART OF · PAPUA

(JAMES · CHALMERS)



By · W. P. NAIRNE



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES







GREATHEART OF PAPUA  
(JAMES CHALMERS)

## THE PATHFINDER SERIES

EDITED BY BASIL MATHEWS

### I. LIVINGSTONE THE PATHFINDER.

By BASIL MATHEWS. Third Edition  
(completing 25,000 copies). Published  
in Welsh, German, Chinese, 1913.

### II. GREATHEART OF PAPUA

(James Chalmers).

By W. P. NAIRNE. Published November,  
1913.





THE LADY LOOKING BRAVE

<sup>2</sup>  
GREATHEART OF  
PAPUA

(JAMES CHALMERS)

BY  
W. P. NAIRNE, M.A.

WITH A MAP, FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR  
AND TWENTY-TWO IN HALF-TONE, CHIEFLY FROM  
DRAWINGS BY

ERNEST PRATER

HUMPHREY MILFORD  
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS  
LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE BOMBAY

1913

PRINTED BY HORACE HART  
AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS



RL

DU  
746  
C3N14

## CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
I. THE HERO OF THE GLEN . . . .	I
II. FINDING A WAY . . . .	10
III. THE STORM, THE REEF, AND THE PIRATE . . . .	22
IV. THE CORAL ISLAND . . . .	32
V. THE WHITE MAN OF SUAU . . . .	45
VI. BESET BY SPEARS AND CLUBS . . . .	58
VII. THE TRAIL OF THE MOUNTAIN SCOUT . . . .	71
VIII. THE PERILS OF THE GULF . . . .	84
IX. PREPARING THE WAY . . . .	96
X. THE PEACEMAKER . . . .	108
XI. 'PEPPER AND SALT' . . . .	118
XII. AFLOAT, ON A <i>LAKATOI</i> . . . .	133
XIII. CHILDREN OF THE QUEEN . . . .	147
XIV. HOW THE 'BRONZED SAVAGE' PLAYED . . . .	156
XV. AFTER THE HOLIDAYS . . . .	164
XVI. THE HOME 'MID THE SAGO PALMS . . . .	174
XVII. 'MID THE ISLES OF THE SEA . . . .	185
XVIII. THE CALL OF THE UNKNOWN RIVER . . . .	196
XIX. THE OUTPOST OF THE SWAMP . . . .	211
XX. THE UNRETURNING BRAVE . . . .	222

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
The Unreturning Brave. (Coloured.) <i>Frontispiece.</i>	
He caught at it desperately and hung on grimly . . .	2
When it was wet and stormy the two went alone . . .	7
He waddled into the College Hall . . . . .	17
Cheshunt College . . . . .	20
Soon there came a deafening crash . . . . .	27
Quick as thought the Rarotongan leapt on to the Reef	35
Map of South-East Papua . . . . .	44
They rushed down the hill-side to meet the Travellers	48
Houses not unlike great Dovecots . . . . .	49
When Chalmers took off his shirt there was a shout of surprise. (Coloured) . . . . .	50
They danced round the strangers all the while . . .	61
(Coloured)	
Here was a man whose foot came off . . . . .	66
Tamate's first house at Suau . . . . .	71
Ruatoka . . . . .	75
' I am Tamate ! It is Peace,' Chalmers called out . .	89
One man took up a pin, and pricked himself with it .	97
Chalmers sang ' Auld Lang Syne ' and made the com- pany join hands at the second verse . . . . .	103
The Cradle . . . . .	119
Kone caught the Naara man and placed him behind him . . . . .	124
Chalmers in a native canoe . . . . .	129
A Fleet of Lakatois . . . . .	139
Commodore James E. Erskine addressing Papuan Chiefs on board H.M.S. ' Nelson ' in Hood Bay in 1884 . . . . .	147
Those Boys and Girls had the jolliest time of their lives . . . . .	160
The Banks were covered with Palms . . . . .	182
' Friend,' he said, ' come and sit in front; you will see and hear better.' (Coloured) . . . . .	198
Inside a Dubu . . . . .	202

TO MY BOYS

‘But oh, Tamate, if I had met you when  
I was a boy and bachelor, how different my life  
would have been!’

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. *From a letter  
addressed to James Chalmers.*

# GREATHEART OF PAPUA

## CHAPTER I

### THE HERO OF THE GLEN

Rough, sudden,  
And pardonable, worthy to be knight.  
TENNYSON.

A CROWD of boys, just let loose from school, scampered along the road.

‘I’ll race any one to the Three Bridges,’ shouted one of them.

‘Come on, then,’ answered the others in chorus, and off they went helter-skelter through the muddy pools.

It had rained all day, and though the sun now shone in fitful gleams, the mists lay heavy in the Argyllshire hills, and the ‘burns’, as they call the little streams in Scotland, foamed and splashed along their rocky way.

On raced the boys till, panting and perspiring, they came to the river Aray, swift and swollen with the rain from the hills. Some dashed across the wooden bridge, others scrambled down the banks. All at once there came a frightened cry.

‘Johnnie Minto’s in the water! Johnnie Minto’s fallen in!’

There was a rush to the waterside, and in the twinkling of an eye a slim, black-haired lad had thrown off his jacket. He glanced up the stream, and there was his schoolmate being carried swiftly down by the surging torrent. To get at him seemed wellnigh impossible, but quick as thought the lad leaped to the downside of the bridge, and holding on to the timbers leaned out towards the middle of the stream. Down came the drowning boy, and as he passed under the bridge his companion seized him by the jacket, dragged him nearer, and held on tightly with his left arm. But how was he to gain the bank while holding on to the bridge with his right hand? A moment's thought and Johnnie Minto's rescuer formed a daring plan. He let go his grip of the bridge and slipped into the swirling waters. In an instant both were swept onward, but the lad's eye had caught sight of a branch overhanging the stream, and as they were carried towards it, he caught at it desperately and hung on grimly. Slowly he drew himself nearer the bank with his burden, where willing hands were stretched forth to drag them both into a place of safety.

Johnnie Minto was carried home not much the worse for his adventure, while his gallant playmate trudged on to the little cottage at High Ballantyre, where he lived with his parents. By night all the glen knew that James Chalmers had at the risk of his own life saved another's.





HE CAUGHT AT IT DESPERATELY AND HUNG ON GRIMLY.



When the school met next day he found himself a hero. The Minto family gave him their grateful thanks: the scholars cheered him till the little school resounded with their shouts, and the kindly eyes of the schoolmaster glistened with pride as he spoke words of admiration to his plucky young pupil.

‘James Chalmers,’ we can fancy him saying, ‘we are all proud of you to-day; proud that you were brave enough not to think of your own safety, but of another’s deadly peril.’

Before this James had been well liked by his schoolfellows, but his daring feat made him more popular than ever. Henceforth he was their leader; and a right jolly leader he was. No one could play games better than he and none had a happier way of making the days pass merrily. Once he read a book about the adventures of Robin Hood and his Merry Men. He thought it would be splendid to be an outlaw like Robin, so he told his companions. ‘What do you say, you chaps,’ he said with kindling eye, ‘let’s pretend we’re Robin Hood and his band.’ They agreed at once, and began making bows and arrows. When they were finished they set off to the woods. Of course Chalmers was Robin Hood, and he led his party in and out among the thickest trees. How they shouted with delight as they shot their arrows, and pretended they were firing at the king’s deer!

‘Hide, boys, hide!’ their leader would cry when he imagined the foresters were after them. At last, tired out they would make a hut of branches, light a fire and sit round it. James Chalmers told them stories of wild adventure, some of them true, some of them made up, but all of them so exciting that the boys listened with open mouths and were sorry when they ended.

There is no doubt that James Chalmers and his companions were very wild boys, and they liked nothing better than a fight with their friends who came from the neighbouring town of Inverary. When there was to be a battle it was always Chalmers who planned it and led the attack. He did not know what fear was, and often he rushed on his foes heedless of the showers of turf and stones that were thrown at him. The others joined in the fray, and then pell-mell down the road they went, chasing the Inverary boys home. More than once he appeared in school next day with a black eye. The schoolmaster would shake his head sadly and say :

‘James Chalmers you have been in mischief again. Whatever am I to do with you?’

All the same the teacher was very fond of his boisterous scholar. He was such a manly chap. If he had to be punished he never sulked or tried to put the blame on others.

At night when he got home he helped his mother and then sat down to his lessons. Presently his

father came in—a tall stern man who worked as a stone-mason. Years before he had come from Peterhead in Aberdeenshire to help in the building of the harbour at Inverary. The Chalmers family had not always lived in that cottage in High Ballantyre in Glenarary, for James had been born on August 4, 1841, at Ardrishaig, the little village that lies beside the Loch Fyne end of the Crinan Canal. But that was more than ten years ago, and he remembered very little about his life there except that it gave him a great love for the sea. As a baby he had played on the shore and watched the brown-sailed boats come in from the fishing. When he grew older he became a great favourite with the fishermen, and often they took him with them, so that very early he could handle a boat and take care of himself on the water as well as any one twice his age. Never was he happier than in a boat, and if that could not be got, then a plank served as well, though time and again he fell off and more than once narrowly escaped drowning. Indeed, he was carried home three times supposed to be drowned, and his father was in the habit of saying :

‘There must be some other fate in store for Jamie, for he will never drown.’

One adventure of these early days James Chalmers never forgot. One day, along with three friends, he made up his mind to build a boat, but they found the task beyond their power. They were not to be

beaten, however, so they got hold of an empty herring-box, tarred it well, and caulked the seams. At length it was ready and carried down to the shore. As captain, James Chalmers must needs have the first sail. A long line was attached, and the box was successfully launched with the young captain on board. His companions pulled at the rope and the craft sailed gallantly along. All at once the cord snapped. A wind was blowing off the shore, and the venturesome lad was carried out to sea, to be rescued only with difficulty.

When about thirteen James Chalmers, like many other boys, began to think he had had enough of school, and as his father wished him to become a civil engineer, he was sent to help a surveyor who was measuring land. James carried the measuring chain, and rather liked the work, for it gave him the open-air life he so much loved, and set him free from the studies for which he had no great liking. But his freedom was shortlived for he was soon packed back to school again. When the bark-beating season came round he pleaded hard with his mother to be allowed to join the bark-beaters, and in the end gained her consent. The work was very hard for a young boy, and James was not altogether sorry when his father, who had been working some distance away, returned home, and hearing of this new occupation ordered his son back to school. James obediently went, but with the coming of summer







WHEN IT WAS WET AND STORMY THE TWO WENT ALONE.

he was allowed off for a fortnight's herding. He must, however, have thought that the cows could look after themselves in such a lonely place, for he spent most of his time reading an amusing book till he was kindly told that he had better return to school. At length, however, his last day at school arrived, and when between fourteen and fifteen he entered the office of a firm of Inverary lawyers.

During all these years James Chalmers was a very regular church attender, for on that point his father was most particular. On fine days mother and sisters accompanied father and son, but when it was wet and stormy the two went alone. They had several miles to travel, but the distance mattered little, and in storm and sunshine the hardy old stonemason and his high-spirited boy were always to be found in their pew, as regularly as Sunday came round. James also attended the Sabbath School, and had reached the highest class, when one day something happened that changed all his future life.

Lessons were over and Chalmers's class had been marched from the vestry into the little church to sing their hymn, answer questions, and listen to a short address, just as you boys and girls have done many times in your own churches. James Chalmers was sitting at the head of a seat with his eyes fixed on the minister, who slowly drew from his breast pocket a copy of the Church Missionary Record.

‘Boys and girls,’ he said, ‘I am going to read you a letter from a missionary in Fiji.’

Fiji! Of course most of them knew something about those far-off islands. They had pointed them out on the map. They had even seen pictures of the wild, dark-skinned race of people who inhabited them. Such savages they were too—wearing little or no clothing, hunting all day long, cruel and bloodthirsty, at constant warfare with each other, killing and eating their prisoners. Fiji! oh, yes: it must be a queer place. But this letter which the minister was reading—what a strange story it told! Here and there, up and down the islands, these fierce men and women were gathering round the missionary to listen to the stories he had to tell. In amazement they heard that the God of the white man was the Father of all, black and white alike; that His Son, Jesus Christ, was their Brother, that it pained His great loving heart when He saw them bow down before the pieces of wood and stone they called their gods, and that if they would only hear His words He would show them a better and happier way of living than plundering and murdering their fellows. And so, the letter went on, in far-off Fiji old things were passing away; the idols were being cast aside and the spears no longer used in cruel and bloody warfare. The people were sending their cry across the waters to the white man’s home. ‘Send us more teachers to tell us and our friends more of the Jesus story.’

James Chalmers listened to that letter with kindling eye and fast-beating heart. It stirred his imagination and made his blood tingle. The whole picture seemed to rise before him. Presently the minister stopped, and looking over his spectacles said quietly :

‘ I wonder if there is any boy here this afternoon who will yet become a missionary, and by and by bring the Gospel to cannibals ? ’

In an instant James Chalmers said low to himself :

‘ Yes, God helping me, I will.’

Out into the sunshine of that afternoon he went, speaking to no one as he tramped homeward, but all the while turning over in his mind his new resolve. At length he came to the bridge over the Aray, where he stopped and did a very manly thing. Going over to the wall that formed part of the bridge, he knelt down, and in very simple words asked God to help and strengthen him, so that one day he might go and tell savage peoples the story of His Son, Jesus Christ.

James Chalmers rose from his knees feeling very happy. He had vowed a solemn vow and given his life to a great task.

## CHAPTER II

### FINDING A WAY

A strong man.  
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand  
To do the thing he willed, and bore it thro'.  
TENNYSON.

THREE lads crept stealthily down the pier at Inverary. They were bent on running away to sea, and James Chalmers was one of them.

‘We are sick of this place,’ they might have been heard saying; ‘no more dreary office work for us, but the jolly life of a sailor!’

No one knew of their plan, and they thought they were very clever at having arranged matters so well. Doubtless they pretended to each other that they were very happy at leaving home, but James Chalmers was beginning to feel sorry he had ever joined them in their rash proposal. As he went along, the sight of his mother in the cottage up the road, waiting for his return, flashed very clearly upon him. All that she had done for him seemed to pass before his eyes and a lump rose in his throat.

‘I can’t do it!’ he said to himself. ‘They may say what they like, but I’m going back, for if I ran away it would hurt mother terribly.’



So James Chalmers left his companions and trudged home. The thought of his mother had kept him from making a foolish mistake.

One day about this time he was sent with a message to the sheriff's house, and as he walked along with a bundle of papers under his arm he saw his minister, Mr. Meikle, approaching. Chalmers was very fond of him, but just then he could not bear to face him, so he jumped over a wall and waited till the good man passed. It was not a nice thing to do, and James was rather ashamed of himself, but since he had become acquainted with his wild, idle companions he had given up attending Sunday School, and even in church his seat was often empty, so he did not want to speak to the minister. It seemed as if James Chalmers had forgotten altogether the vow he had made but a few years before. People said he and his friends were never out of mischief, and yet he was brave, generous, and kind-hearted.

Sometimes he used to go and have a talk with a Mr. MacNicoll who had a shop in Inverary. One evening in November 1859 Chalmers called on his friend, and as they were talking Mr. MacNicoll mentioned the visit of two preachers who had just come to the town. 'Are you going to hear them to-night, James?' he asked.

'No,' replied Chalmers.

'Why? You ought to go;' but the lad raised many objections. Now Mr. MacNicoll had a strong

affection for James in spite of all his wildness, so he pleaded very hard with him to go to the meeting. At last he consented, and getting the loan of a Bible from his friend he set out for the joiner's loft where the service was to be held. It was raining hard, and when he reached the bottom of the stairs he found that the meeting had begun.

They were singing, and Chalmers paused to listen :

All people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.  
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

He loved music, and as the notes of the grand old tune rose and fell, the eyes of James Chalmers glistened with pleasure, and he felt as if he had never heard anything so beautiful. He climbed the stair and took a place among the worshippers. It was a very simple service, but to the boy sitting at the end of the seat it was the most solemn he had ever taken part in. When it was over he hurried down the street and returned the Bible he had got from Mr. MacNicoll. He did not say much to any one, for the preachers had spoken words that made him wish to lead a better life than he had been doing for some time. He went home that night with his mind made up to break away from his wild and careless habits. Day by day he began to see more clearly that God was leading and helping him to be better, and in his heart there rose up a great longing to do some work

for his Saviour. Into the mind of Chalmers there flashed the memory of his forgotten vow. 'I wonder if there is any boy here this afternoon who will yet become a missionary, and by and by bring the Gospel to cannibals?' Again he seemed to hear the minister's voice asking the question, and again, as before, James Chalmers bent his head and fervently said 'Yes, God helping me, I will.'

But no sooner was this resolve made than Chalmers found a difficulty in carrying it out.

'If I am to be a missionary,' he said, 'I must attend a university course. My father is too poor to give me money to do that. Now, what am I to do?'

You may be sure he prayed about it, and then he told his minister all that was in his mind. The minister promised to help him in every way he could, and began teaching him Latin and Mathematics. For a time it seemed as if there was little prospect of James Chalmers ever getting the chance of becoming a missionary, but one day Mr. Meikle told him he might be able to get a post under the Glasgow City Mission, and at the same time attend classes at the University there. Chalmers was overjoyed at the thought, and lost no time in making application. Days passed, and James was beginning to think that there must be some other way out of his difficulties, when one morning the postman handed him a letter. It bore the Glasgow post-mark and he tore it open quickly. A great shout of thankfulness rose

to his lips. He had got an appointment in Glasgow ! It was the first step in the long winding road that God had marked out for James Chalmers.

And so he said good-bye to his Highland home, and stepped on board the steamer which was to take him to the great city. The ropes were cast off : the engines throbbed, and the vessel began to forge ahead. You may be sure that Chalmers looked longingly and lovingly at the familiar scenes as one by one they passed out of sight—the lordly castle, the straggling town, the wooded shores, and the nestling cots on the hill-sides. Soon he would reach Ardrishaig, his early home, and then turning eastward, the course would lead past Tarbet with its fishing fleet, and into the lower reaches of Loch Fyne. From that point onward was an unknown way to Chalmers, and one can fancy how, as the Arran peaks burst into view and the farther shores loomed in the distance, he must have felt like one of those old knights setting forth into a strange land to do high and mighty deeds.

At length he reached Glasgow, and the day following his arrival he set out to call on the only friend he had in the city, a Mr. Turner, who had visited Inverary in the summer-time. Darkness had fallen, and the brilliant shops sent out a ruddy glare. Behind lighted windows shadowy figures moved to and fro, and down the long streets the lamps glimmered in seemingly endless lines. Men and women jostled

each other in their hurry, carts rumbled past, horses clattered by, and the hundred noises of a great city full of life fell on the ear. To James Chalmers, fresh from the lonely grandeur and simple peace of the Argyllshire hills, it was all so new and strange that he felt bewildered and very much alone amid this bustling throng.

On he went, swinging along with steady step, a tall, thin figure, with pale, slightly-freckled face, dark hair, and hazel eyes, till at last he left the crowds behind and turned into a quieter thoroughfare. He slackened his pace and glanced at the houses, reading a name there and a number here. Before one he stopped, and mounting the steps rang the bell. The door swung open, and he was ushered in to receive a warm welcome from Mr. Turner.

‘Now tell me all about the work you are to do in Glasgow!’ Mr. Turner would say after James and he had been talking for some time, and at that Chalmers would unfold his plan. Part of the day he was to attend classes at the University and study hard, while the other part was to be given up to work in a poor part of Glasgow where many of the men and women and boys and girls lead sad, hard lives. Chalmers had resolved to make them happier if he could. He was to have classes for the boys and girls with plenty of fun and games and fine stories.

Suddenly the door opened and a gentleman entered.

‘This is my brother from the South Seas,’ said

Mr. Turner as he introduced him. Chalmers started up and his face brightened with pleasure, for this was the missionary of whom he had heard so much. Dr. Turner was keenly interested in any one who thought of going to labour in the mission field, and he readily told James some of his experiences. To the Highland lad, with his quick imagination, the story became as real as if it had been taking place before his eyes. The wondrous beauty of those myriad isles, set in that far-off, sun-bathed sea, unfolded itself before him : he heard the surf thundering on the coral reefs ; he saw the dusky natives wandering beneath the waving palms. Oh, that he could now go and live and teach amongst them ! And so that glorious night was the first of many when young Chalmers sat entranced with the vision of the Gospel of Jesus Christ breaking over lands that had never heard His name. Day by day it cheered him in the midst of toil that was tiresome and disappointing.

‘ I simply must go through all this cheerfully and bravely,’ he often said to himself, ‘ if I am to fit myself for the work to which I have vowed to give my life.’

At length there came a day when, on the advice of Dr. Turner, Chalmers applied to the London Missionary Society, asking to be taken as a student in training for the mission field. He was accepted and told to come south to Cheshunt College.

So one fine morning the train steamed out of







HE WADDLED INTO THE COLLEGE HALL WHERE THE STUDENTS  
WERE SITTING.



Glasgow carrying with it James Chalmers bound for London. God was opening up a way for him and his heart was glad.

Chalmers was not long at Cheshunt before he became a great favourite. Everybody loved him because he was such a happy, good-natured companion. If any student felt downhearted, Chalmers would come along and in a short time the young Scotsman would have his fellow-student as merry and bright as could be. He had a great store of good stories, and could tell them in such a way that one was forced to listen to the end and felt sorry when that came. Sometimes he would have the men round him rocking with laughter, but at other times, when Chalmers was in a serious mood, they would sit hushed and still as he spoke.

Though grown to manhood he had the great charm of being still a boy at heart and no one loved a joke or a piece of harmless fun better than he.

One night he borrowed a huge bear-skin, and covering himself completely in it, he waddled into the College dining hall where the students were sitting after supper chatting quietly. Of course there was a sudden break-up of the quiet company, and a scamper for places of safety as the supposed bear made towards the group. To the terror of all, he seized one man, and then pop, out went the gas, thus adding to the confusion. There was a moment or two of great excitement, and then a student who

was in the plot put up the lights again. The scared look passed from the faces of the men, and there was a hearty laugh when they saw Chalmers standing before them smiling broadly, with the bear-skin still about his shoulders.

Though Chalmers was now far from the sea, his love for it was as keen as ever, and often he used to amuse himself in rather a dangerous fashion. The New River runs through the grounds of Cheshunt, and on its waters the future missionary spent many an hour balancing himself on a frail raft and steering it with great skill. Sometimes he was upset, and plunge into the water he would go, clothes and all; but Chalmers always came up smiling, and there was little danger to him beyond the wetting, for he was a strong swimmer. Little did he think that in years to come he would owe his own life and the lives of others to the steadiness of hand and keenness of eye which he acquired on the waters of his native loch, and in his frolics on the New River.

It was hardly to be expected that James Chalmers would ever become a great scholar, for his educational advantages had been few, but he did his best, and if he was not clever at his books his cleverness showed itself in other ways. He had a wonderful gift of knowing how to do the right thing at the proper moment. You will remember how his prompt action saved his schoolmate in the flooded Aray, and once again during his college days he played

an important part in the rescue of a fellow student from drowning.

One day a number of them had gone boating on the river Lea, and as it was very hot work rowing, the party pulled their boats to the shore and made up their minds to have a bathe. Chalmers was not feeling very well so he agreed to wait on the bank. Soon the students were all in the water, larking with one another, when all at once one of them began shouting. The others thought it was only a bit of fun, but one man saw that his comrade was really out of his depth and unable to swim so he hastened to his help. The drowning man clutched his rescuer in such a way that he was unable to move. The keen eye of Chalmers saw the dangerous plight of both, and, calling on the others to swim out and make a chain of hands, he threw off his coat and plunged into the water. With powerful strokes he struck out into mid-stream and gripped the drowning pair as they were sinking for the last time. Slowly he made his way back with his double burden and reached the farthest out of the living chain. He caught the outstretched hands and pulled himself bit by bit into safety.

But James Chalmers had other gifts than infinite fun and ever-ready resourcefulness. Few students could match his earnest prayerfulness and impressive speaking. It was the custom for students to preach, from time to time, at several villages, more or less

distant from Cheshunt. Chalmers being strong, muscular, and a good walker was sent to Hertford Heath, eight miles off. There was no railway, but the sturdy Highlander thought nothing of the distance, and often he might have been seen swinging along the road, pondering the words he was to speak to the little congregation. After the service he would start on the return journey, and reach Cheshunt with fresh enthusiasm and deep content that he had been once more able to do a little work for his Master.

Sometimes Chalmers had his dark hours during these college days. He was very poor, without doubt the poorest student in Cheshunt, so that he had to deny himself many things he would have liked, and forgo many pleasures in which he would have wished to take part ; but he was very brave and never grumbled. Here is what he says in one of his letters to his old minister at Inverary :

I have no doubt but that I will get this session battled through in some way, and it may for after life prove one of the best lessons I had while at College.

That was just how we should expect that a manly fellow like Chalmers would look upon such trials. They were lessons to be learned and he 'battled through'. What a fine motto for a hero's life—God helping him he battled through !

Soon after finishing his College course Chalmers went to stay with a gentleman who was the uncle



CHESNUT COLLEGE.



of Miss Jane Hercus, whom the future missionary married in October 1865. She had been a teacher in Leeds for some time and was very much interested in mission work. Chalmers was very glad when he knew she was willing to go with him wherever he might be sent, for he felt that with her beside him to cheer him on, he would overcome all difficulties. In a letter, written two years before his marriage, he said of his future wife, 'This one thing I can say, she is a thorough missionary.'

So James Chalmers was ready for his great life-work. His training was over, and by his side was a noble lady, willing and anxious to share all that might befall him.

Two days after his wedding there was a very simple, but solemn service in East End Chapel, Finchley, when Chalmers was ordained as a missionary. God had answered the prayer of the little lad who had vowed, on that far-off day in the Sabbath School at Inverary, to carry the Gospel to heathen lands.

## CHAPTER III

### THE STORM, THE REEF, AND THE PIRATE

It was a cold January day, and on the broad waters of the Thames, a snorting little tug was towing a stately vessel out to sea. She was not unlike hundreds of others that passed up and down that mighty stream, yet any one who recognized her graceful clipper lines and the flag floating proudly at her peak must have looked on her with pride, for she was the *John Williams*, the missionary ship which the boys and girls of Britain had built.

Many months before, they had gathered their pennies and halfpennies together, and with the money had paid for this beautiful ship. She had been launched at Aberdeen and had sailed down to the Thames to take on board her stores, and the passengers who were to sail with her to the far-off South Sea Islands. And amongst those who stood on her deck that day were James Chalmers and his wife, bound at last for the mission field. You may be sure Chalmers was in a joyful mood, for he had waited longingly for the day of departure. We can fancy him, too, going into every nook and cranny of the *John Williams*, just as a boy who had been



brought up near the sea and with a love for ships would do.

But soon the open sea was reached. The tow-rope was cast off and hauled on board the tug, the *John Williams* spread her sails to the breeze, the Union Jack was run up and down as a last good-bye, and then heeling over with the freshening wind, the gallant vessel ploughed her way through the crested waves.

For a time all went well, but when in the English Channel a gale sprang up. Louder and louder howled the wind, higher and higher leaped the waves. Again and again the *John Williams* staggered and shook as the mountainous seas broke upon her. Fiercer and fiercer raged the gale. Those on board feared the vessel would go to the bottom. At length, however, the storm spent itself. Battered and buffeted, with boats swept overboard and rigging strained, the *John Williams* crept into Weymouth to repair the damage. For over a fortnight she lay there, but one day she slipped quietly out of port, trimmed her sails for the south, and sped onward to warmer and sunnier climes.

As the voyage progressed the bright, happy nature of James Chalmers asserted itself and there was no cheerier person on board. He kept everybody in good humour, and did his best to banish the unspeakable weariness of the long, long voyage. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, there were several

other missionaries and their wives, so that one can quite believe they had, as Chalmers himself wrote, 'a truly, happy, pleasant, and blessed time'. Sometimes they had a game, or Chalmers would set them all laughing with one of his droll stories. Again they would turn to something more serious, and with earnest talk they would discuss their plans for carrying the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the savages among whom some of them were to labour. Then, too, they had Bible classes and services with the sailors, so that often over the wide waste of waters there echoed the notes of familiar hymns, and the sound of voices raised in prayer.

But night must have been the best time of all; for then the little company assembled on deck, and under the light of the Southern Cross, with the gentle wind playing about them and the waves lapping the sides of the vessel, they gathered together and, in low, earnest tones, spoke to one another words of hope and cheer. Then, one by one, they went below till James Chalmers alone remained, silent and thoughtful, and inwardly praying that his Father would keep and strengthen him for the work that lay to his hand.

At length on May 20, 1866—three and a half months after leaving England—the *John Williams* reached Adelaide, and for the next few weeks Chalmers and his wife received much kindness from friends they met while visiting a number of towns

in Australia. By August the *John Williams* was ready to resume her voyage, and one day they sailed out of Sydney and stood away for the New Hebrides. No doubt Chalmers thought that in a few short weeks at most he would reach the island of Rarotonga where it had been decided he was to begin his missionary work, but such was not to be the case. One afternoon, while the ship was entering the harbour of one of the islands, she ran upon a reef with all her sails set. It was so unexpected, for the ship's company were standing admiring the scenery and marvelling at the varied colours of the coral near by, never dreaming of any danger. How grieved they all were when they found their good ship firmly wedged on the rocks, and more so when they learned that she was so badly damaged that she would have to return to Sydney for repairs. So the cargo was discharged, and thus lightened the *John Williams* glided off the reef. She was then patched up to enable her to reach Australia. Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers had the choice of remaining where they were or going back with the *John Williams*. Brave and trustful, they decided to risk the journey aboard the damaged vessel. Slowly and painfully she crept out to sea with the water still trickling through her torn planks. It was a dangerous voyage, for at any moment bad weather might have overtaken them, and the chances of the crippled vessel outliving the storm would have been small. But still across those

miles of ocean the courageous captain and his undaunted crew held their course, while night and day the clanking pumps kept down the water in the hold. Calm in the hour of danger, Chalmers moved about the vessel from day to day, sometimes lending a hand, at other times speaking words of cheer and encouragement, till at length after three long, weary, anxious weeks, the *John Williams* rounded the heads outside Sydney harbour and slipped quietly up to her anchorage.

It took six weeks to repair the ship and then once more they put to sea. After a good passage they again arrived at the scene of the accident. Here they reshipped the cargo, and embarking the passengers sailed away to the Loyalty Islands, and then across the Pacific, south of Fiji to Niue. For a day or two the *John Williams* lay off the island, taking on board quantities of yams, bananas, and coco-nuts, and then she was ready to continue her voyage. The night before she sailed it was dead calm, and the sails hung limply to the yards, but as the ship was a long way from the shore no one felt anxious. In a short time, however, there was a puzzled look on the captain's face. The *John Williams* was drifting towards the shore! Evening worship was being conducted as usual, but in the middle of it there was the sharp clear call 'All hands on deck!' In a moment or two the sailors were at their posts.

'Lower away the whaleboat!' came the order.





SOON THERE CAME A DEAFENING CRASH, AND THE RENDING  
AND SPLITTING OF TIMBER.

As the crew took their places, the boat touched the water. A rope was made fast to the *John Williams*, while the men in the boat caught the other end and began rowing with all their might, to tow the ship ahead. All in vain; she was drifting still nearer the shore. A second boat was sent to help and then a third, but it was no use; the vessel continued to drift. Anxious faces now peered through the darkness: blue lights flared up as signals of distress, while the boom of the breakers on the dreaded reef sounded ever clearer. Nearer and nearer sped the ship to her doom. The boats were recalled, the passengers placed on board, and then with sad hearts captain and crew left their ship to its fate. Soon there came a deafening crash, a rending and splitting of timbers, the splash of falling wreckage, and then the dull boom of breaking waves. In a short time it was all over, and the ship which the boys and girls had built lay battered and broken on the reef, never to sail those sunlit seas again. What a heart-breaking time for all; but see how bravely Chalmers wrote:

Do not for a moment suppose we feel discouraged: we have no intention of turning back.

The dogged perseverance of his race was in his blood. James Chalmers would never turn back!

The missionaries thus stranded on this lonely island of the Southern Seas were in a sorry plight.



In the wreck of the vessel they had lost everything. 'When I left the *John Williams* for the boats,' said Chalmers, 'I had on a shirt and a pair of trousers, a pair of socks, no boots, and my watch which had been the gift of the poor of the High Street of Glasgow.'

But, perhaps, to Chalmers the most grievous part of the disaster was the delay which it caused. No ship was likely to touch at Niue for some time, so there the shipwrecked company had to stay. There was nothing very much for them to do, and that sort of life did not suit a big, strong, restless fellow like Chalmers. He always wanted to be at something, no matter what it was, so sometimes he went down to the beach and watched the natives surf-swimming. It was great fun to come sailing in on the crest of a huge wave, and looked so easy that Chalmers made up his mind to have a try. One day he was bathing, and although the sea was very rough he thought it would be all the greater excitement to swim through it. He got a flat piece of wood and pushed it before him just as he had seen the little black fellows do. Presently a great breaker came rolling towards him. 'Now or never!' he said, as he threw himself on the board and pushed into the wave intending to be carried safely ashore on its crest. But he missed the proper moment, and in an instant found himself sucked back among the coral and tossed on its sharp, ragged edges. He



felt certain he would be dashed to pieces, but just then he made one last desperate effort. He clung to the rock ; the racing water almost tore him from it. He shouted and tried to reach a safer place, where help could reach him. Natives hurried to his rescue and brought him ashore, but he had to go to bed for several days and never again did he attempt the difficult art of surf-swimming.

At last, one day, a trading schooner touched at Niue. Chalmers was overjoyed, but, alas, she was bound for Samoa, far away from Rarotonga. Would he never reach the island at all ? Still, although Samoa seemed to be farther from his destination than ever, Chalmers knew that there was more chance of his getting a passage there, so he and his wife got on board the schooner and eleven days later arrived at Samoa.

Now it so happened that the only vessel available for the trip to Rarotonga was a brig called the *Rona*, owned and commanded by a desperate ruffian, Bully Hayes. He called himself a trader, but in reality he was a smuggler and a pirate. What was Chalmers to do ? He was determined to reach Rarotonga as soon as possible, and if others were afraid of Bully Hayes he and his companions faced the danger, so a bargain was made with the smuggler. A few days later, the *Rona* lifted her anchor, hoisted her sails, and bore away to the south, carrying with her James Chalmers, his wife, and Mr. and

Mrs. Saville, who were to accompany them as far as Huahine. Just fancy a missionary sitting down to his meals in the little cabin with a real live pirate ! But Chalmers rather liked the novelty of the situation, and curiously enough, from the time of their first meeting, Hayes had formed a strong admiration for this cool, daring missionary. Here is a curious conversation that took place between them just before the *Rona* sailed from Samoa.

‘ Captain Hayes,’ said Chalmers, ‘ I hope you will have no objection to our having morning and evening service on board, and twice on Sabbaths. All will be short, and only those who like to come need attend.’ ‘ Certainly not,’ returned the Captain. ‘ My ship is a missionary ship now, and I hope you will feel it so ; all on board will attend these services.’

And Bully Hayes, ruffian and smuggler though he was, kept his word to this strong, fearless Scotsman, who felt he must and would preach his Master’s message even on a pirate ship. What a strange sight it must have been with Chalmers standing amid those sin-hardened, desperate men ! The sound of hymns rising where there was wont to be the noise of curses, and prayers instead of oaths ! ‘ If only you were near me,’ wrote Hayes in a letter to Chalmers, ‘ I should certainly become a new man, and lead a different life.’

And so the *Rona*, storm-tossed and tempest-driven, at last sighted Rarotonga. Sails were furled ;

the anchor chain rattled down through the still waters of Avarua harbour ; the voyage was at an end. It was May 20, 1867.

Chalmers was the first to land, and as he was carried ashore on the shoulders of a swarthy Rarotongan, the native, according to custom, desired to announce the stranger's name.

‘ What fellow name belong you ? ’ he asked in his broken English.

‘ Chalmers,’ answered the missionary. The pronunciation staggered the black fellow, but he made the best attempt at it he could, so he called out,

‘ Tamate ! ’<sup>1</sup>

And thus James Chalmers became Tamate.

<sup>1</sup> *Pronounce Tama-ty.*

## CHAPTER IV

### THE CORAL ISLAND

Where the sea egg flames on the coral and the long-backed  
breakers croon

Their endless ocean legends to the lazy-locked lagoon.

KIPLING.

It was early morning on the broad waters of the Pacific. A light breeze filled the sails of a vessel that rolled lazily through the swell. On deck a man with anxious look on his face paced to and fro, ever and anon stopping to gaze eagerly forward. Presently the captain came up to him.

'We must give up the search or we shall be starved,' he said bluntly.

There was a moment's pause.

'At eight o'clock,' replied the man, 'if no land is sighted before then, we shall return.'

The captain agreed, and with ever-growing impatience the crew remained at their posts. A man was sent aloft to report. No land in sight! Four times came the same reply. The hands of the clock moved round to half-past seven. Again the anxious watcher on deck sent the look-out man aloft. Slowly he climbed through the shrouds to his dizzy perch, while far below the ship's company waited

in breathless excitement. 'Here is the land we are seeking!' came the welcome cry from the mast-head.

In a moment the gloom of disappointment had vanished and the radiant joy of expectancy had taken its place. Slowly the mists of the morning rolled away, and there before them were the towering heights of Rarotonga.

The ship was the *Endeavour*, and the watcher on deck the famous missionary, John Williams. He had rediscovered this 'gem of the Pacific'.

But that was nearly fifty years before the day on which James Chalmers was carried ashore and received his new name, and it was a changed Rarotonga that he looked upon. The great blue ocean waves still broke and thundered on that wondrous coral reef that for thirty-five miles encircles the island; the calm waters of the lagoon within still shimmered in the morning sun, and the beach of pounded coral still shone with dazzling whiteness. Beyond the swamp where the taro grew, the coconut and bread-fruit flourished on the fertile belt, but no hostile throng of wild, unclothed savages greeted his arrival. Instead, a quiet and orderly group of men and women bade him welcome to their shore, and called down God's blessing on him and his devoted wife. Right gladly they led the way up the mountain side to the trim mission house with its coral walls, its flight of wide stone steps and terraced ground in front. The big heart of Tamate bounded

with joy. These were his people and this was his home.

Chalmers would have been ungrateful indeed had he been otherwise than pleased with his reception, yet he was not many days in Rarotonga when he began to feel somewhat disappointed. His great wish had been to be sent among a savage people who had as yet never heard the name of Jesus, but here in this island forty-five years of Christian teaching had made the people Christian in name at least, while many by their lives had proved themselves true followers of the Master. Still he was no grumbler, and made up his mind to do the work that lay to his hand with all his heart and soul. There were stations throughout the island to be visited ; native teachers to be helped ; classes to be arranged ; services to be conducted, and even such things as the repair of houses and the care of plantations to take up his attention. So, after all, there was much to do and much to learn. It was another stage of God's preparation of James Chalmers for more important work.

One day, shortly after his arrival at Rarotonga, Tamate had an exciting adventure on the reef that girdles the island. At low tide it is almost bare and he thought it would be a good chance to land and examine its wonderful formation. Accordingly he got into a boat, manned by sturdy Rarotongans, and was soon skimming across the lagoon. As they





QUICK AS THOUGHT THE RAROTONGAN LEAPT ON TO  
THE REEF.



neared the reef, Chalmers, ever active and ignorant of the danger he ran, stood up in the bow, and ere the boat grounded on the coral he had sprung forward. There was a splash, followed by the wild effort of a man to regain his footing. A big, powerful native rose from his paddle. Tamate was disappearing over the outer edge of the reef! The next wave would certainly drag him under and dash him to pieces against the sharp coral. Quick as thought, the Rarotongan leaped on to the reef, and stretching out his arm clutched Tamate by the hair as the current dragged him down. For a moment or two there was a grim struggle between the power of the man's strong arm and the might of that down-drawing wave. Gradually the Rarotongan felt the strain lessen, and slowly he dragged Tamate on to the reef.

Before Chalmers and his wife arrived at Rarotonga it had been arranged that they should eventually take up residence on the other side of the island from Avarua. It was soon found, however, that that would be a very inconvenient arrangement, so it was decided that they should remain where they were. This decision had a strange sequel. Early one morning there was a tremendous row outside the mission house, and when Chalmers looked out he saw a great crowd of natives, shouting and dancing with all their might.

'We want our missionary,' shouted the foremost as they neared the steps.

‘We have come for Tamate,’ declared others.

‘Pitimani<sup>1</sup> told us we were to have one on our side of the island, and you keep him here,’ they complained. Matters were beginning to look serious. At any moment there might be a fight. Chalmers, with that coolness that never left him in moments of danger, went out and faced the howling mob.

‘Of course Tamate will come with you,’ he said boldly. They were pacified, but hardly reassured, for when Chalmers and his wife got down amongst them they placed them in chairs, lashed long poles alongside, and carried them off in triumph. Outside Avarua, when they thought there was no danger of their missionary being taken from them, Chalmers was allowed to get down and walk the remainder of the journey. He stayed amongst them a few days, and then very cleverly explained that while they must always look upon him as their friend and missionary too, yet his house would have to be at Avarua. They were quite contented and allowed him to return in peace.

But if some of the people were anxious to have the missionary others were not and tried to keep as far out of his reach as possible. Away in the heart of the forest groups of young men used to assemble, Sabbaths and week-days alike. Round a great fire, with casks of orange-beer near at hand,

<sup>1</sup> The native name for Charles Pitman, one of the early missionaries to Rarotonga.

they spent their nights in drinking and dancing. Sometimes they fought and quarrelled with one another, and then the woods resounded with wild shouts and horrible cries just as in the days when the Rarotongans were savages. This made the heart of Tamate very sad, for he wanted very much to become friends with these men, but when he looked round his congregation he saw none but old men and women and boys and girls. 'I must win those young fellows who are spending their lives in idle, wicked ways,' he said to himself.

He made up his mind that if they would not come to him he would go to them. Quietly, he found out all he could about these wild gatherings, and one night set off through the forest. It was very dark and the path was difficult to follow, for trees and bushes grew thickly, while giant creepers trailed across the ground and wreathed themselves round the branches. Presently the noise of shouting and the distant glare of the fire guided him to the spot he sought. Parting the branches to right and left he stepped into the secret grove and stood revealed to the astonished crowd. There were angry looks and scowling faces, but Tamate was not afraid. His simple daring made the boldest hang back. Without a word, he strode up to the beer-barrel and knocking a hole in it, watched its contents pouring to the ground.

'Now, let us sit down and talk,' he said. 'You are out to enjoy yourselves. Come, and I shall

show you a better way than this.' One by one the astonished men gathered round, for when Tamate spoke and flashed those gleaming eyes of his upon them they must needs obey. The flames leaped up, casting a lurid glow on the faces that encircled the fire, while seated on a fallen tree sat Tamate, calm and fearless. There was no anger in his voice as he pointed out to them how sinful was their wrongdoing, no scorn as he talked to them of their folly. As a friend he told them how their days and nights might be full of joy and gladness, and their lives made good and useful to themselves and their friends.

After this a few gave up their drinking habits; but Chalmers knew that in several parts of the island the practice still continued, and work as he might he could not put an end to it. It chanced, however, that he learned that numbers of the young men whom he wished to help had formed a volunteer corps and met regularly for drill. Chalmers went to them and told them that if they were to continue volunteers they must come to church. Only a few came at first, but when Tamate began to give them a part of the service all to themselves they felt very important people. Drilling became very popular among the youths of Rarotonga. The next step was to arrange special classes for the volunteers on Sabbaths and week-days. All were now keenly interested in their corps, and instead of idling their time away as before, they busied themselves on

their plantations to get new clothes to attend their classes and the church services. When the church needed repairing the volunteers were the first to tackle the work. Day after day they laboriously cut the coral required for the platform and the staircase. What a change from the wild, lawless life they had formerly led! God had answered the missionary's prayer. Tamate had enlisted the volunteers in the service of his Master.

One day Chalmers hit upon a great idea. There was no newspaper in Rarotonga. Why should not he start one? He examined the old printing press in the mission house. It was certainly in bad order, but Tamate had a knack of making things serve his purpose. He announced that his paper would be published on the first of every month and would contain news from other islands, shipping reports, articles on subjects that were being discussed, letters from the natives, and pieces taken from books. Chalmers had now added the duties of an editor to his labours. Many a time he must have felt sorely puzzled as to where he was to get news for his paper. Here in this lonely isle of the Pacific there were no telegraphs or telephones to pour dispatches into the editor's room, not even a regular post. All his information of the outside world had to be gathered from the occasional visits of some trader, or a chance meeting with natives on their way to another island. Still, he accomplished his task, and month by month

the paper appeared, greatly to the delight of the natives, who began to interest themselves in matters outside their own little island home.

In the South Seas every one is early astir, for the heat of the sun becomes overpoweringly strong as the day advances, so Chalmers made it a rule to begin work at daybreak. Ere yet the sun had bathed the Rarotongan heights in rosy light, and touched the waters with its golden gleam, Chalmers had risen from his hour of prayer and seated himself at his desk. His books lay open before him, and rapidly he filled page after page as he wrote out the lessons he was to give to his students. Before he had finished the first of his patients would arrive.

‘What’s the matter now?’ he would say cheerily, as an old man limped up the steps of the mission house. ‘Come, let’s see the foot,’ he would continue, when the dusky native had explained his injury. The medicine chest was opened, remedies applied, the bandages carefully adjusted, and then with a word of encouragement he would dismiss the sufferer, happy and smiling.

Next a boy with tearful eyes would arrive. His father was very ill. Would Tamate come? Of course he would, and taking the lad’s hand in his, together they would set off.

Eight o’clock would find Chalmers back in the class room. A group of men and women, anxious and eager to be taught, gathered round him. Love

for their fellow men in islands where there were no missionaries had fired their hearts. They had resolved that, if God so willed, they would go forth and tell their brethren of the Master whom they served. And so Tamate was training them for the work. For two hours they sat and listened while Chalmers explained a passage from the Old Testament, or perhaps he asked them to tell him their idea of some verse. At other times there were lessons in reading, writing, and arithmetic, so that Tamate was a real schoolmaster. After lessons were over there was plenty of work to do in the plantations or preparation for next day. While all this was going on Chalmers was never far away, for he was very particular to see that everything was done properly.

In the evening he often saddled his horse and rode through the island till he came to a native teacher's house. At the sound of the horse's hoofs the man ran out to meet him.

'Oh, Tamate,' he said, 'I'm glad you came to-night. The boys have been very bad. They would not listen to me to-day, but ran away and played on the shore.' Chalmers tethered his horse to a palm and sat down on a rock while the teacher continued the story of his troubles. Some of his pupils were just beginning to write, but they gave up trying when they found it difficult; others did not like arithmetic: hunting was much better fun



they said. The man was very vexed about it, but Tamate tried his best to cheer him.

‘Never fear, my friend,’ he would say. ‘God will see to it that your work is not wasted. Don’t lose heart, but persevere.’ Then the two went into the house and kneeling down asked their Father in Heaven to help and bless their work. In a few minutes Tamate was on his horse again, galloping madly along the shore or trotting through some leafy glade, humming a tune or planning how he might better help those who were finding it hard to be good and true.

Sometimes when Tamate went to see the people in a distant village he took his wife with him. The women were always glad to see her, for they liked to show off their clean tidy houses, with their neatly painted doors and windows. Before Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers came there were few good houses, for the men spent all they had in getting drink; but since Tamate had got them to give up this vice they were able to buy building material from the traders. You can imagine, therefore, how much Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers enjoyed seeing the people in such clean, comfortable dwellings. When Tamate had finished talking with the men and joking with the little ones he always called for a Bible.

‘Take mine, Tamate, take mine!’ shouted a dozen voices, for they wanted him to see how well they kept the copies of the New Testament which had been given



them. When they were all seated round him he read some verses and then offered up a prayer. And all this was taking place in the once savage Rarotonga.

When the day's work was done, Chalmers would sometimes sit out on the verandah in the cool of the evening and let his thoughts fly across those miles of sea to the little cottage near Inverary where his father and mother still lived. In fancy he could see his mother, now bent and grey, busy at her household duties. Sometimes it was his patient, plodding father, bending over the bit of roadway which it was his duty to keep in repair, that rose before his eyes. With a great burst of love for the old folks, whose care for him he never ceased to remember, he would say to himself: 'God help me to be kind to them and make life easier for them now.' So he sat down and wrote to them long, loving letters full of plans that were to lighten the burden of their advancing years. And then one day there came a letter to Chalmers. Months before it had left Scotland, and as this strong, tender-hearted man read its lines his lip quivered. His father was dead. The faithful old road-mender had died at his post.

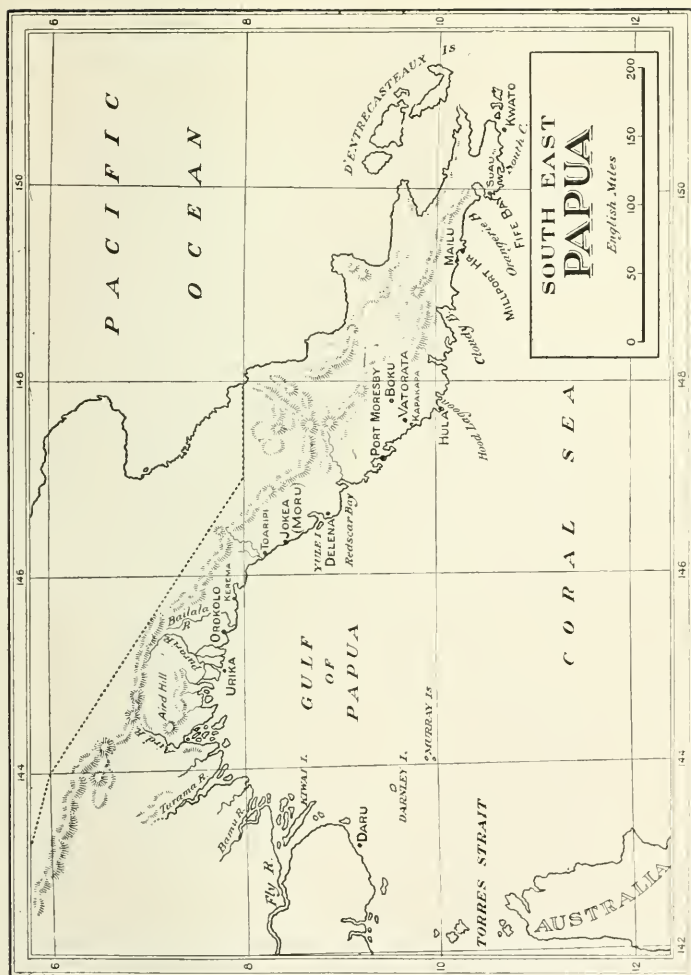
But if Chalmers had his sad moments in Rarotonga he also had many glad ones, and none more so than when he sent away his first band of native missionaries to savage New Guinea. It was a great night in Avarua, the Sabbath before they left. As

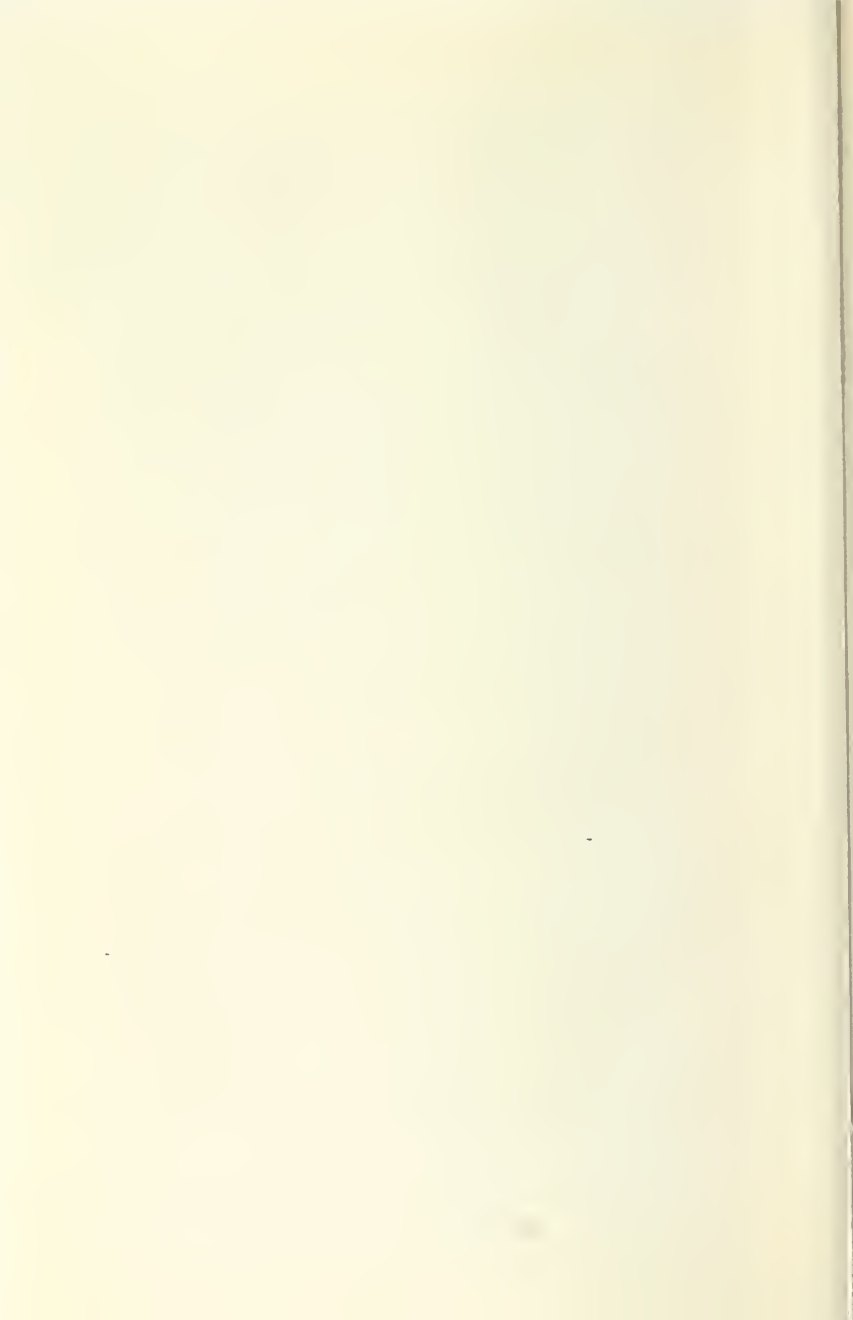
usual Chalmers preached, and then came the hour of farewell. Old men with tears streaming down their faces came and begged to be allowed to go. 'We were savages ourselves,' they pleaded. 'Let us go and tell them how much happier is the life we now lead.'

As Chalmers looked on and saw their earnestness he felt that he must go too.

And so the Rarotongan missionaries sailed away and work went on as usual. But Chalmers was growing restless on this little island, beautiful though it was. He saw that the work was now in such a state of advancement that it might get on very well without him. He longed to be at some bigger task, more difficult and more dangerous though it might be. Often he would climb to the top of some mountain, and as he sat gazing far across the sunlit sea his eyes would travel in the direction of that great island where his devoted band of students were labouring in the face of untold difficulty and danger. New Guinea was calling to him and he must go. Yonder was work which needed Tamate of the strong arm and big heart.

The months and the years passed till on May 20, 1877, a vessel slipped out of the harbour of Avarua and stood out to sea. On the shore a crowd of saddened men and women watched her go with shining eyes, while on her deck two figures looked longingly and lovingly at the fast receding shore. Tamate and his wife had said farewell to Rarotonga.





## CHAPTER V

### THE WHITE MAN OF SUAUA

UNDER the shadow of some queer-looking rickety houses a group of women sat chattering in a strange tongue as they kneaded their coloured clay and mixed it with fine sand. Their dark skins, their frizzy, mop-like heads of hair and shell necklaces, proclaimed them natives of New Guinea, while the curious houses built on piles six or eight feet high, with platforms in front, and some of them standing entirely in the water, were typical of the New Guinean coast village. In fact, it was the street of one of the villages at Port Moresby, and the women were busy making the earthenware pots for which they are famous.

Presently a footfall sounded in their ears, and as it was not the usual tread of naked feet, they looked up. Two white men were coming towards them. The one they knew was Misi Lao,<sup>1</sup> but the other—who was he? He was James Chalmers but lately arrived at Port Moresby and making his first acquaintance with life in New Guinea. They passed on towards the rising ground on which stood the mission house

<sup>1</sup> Rev. William G. Lawes, missionary at Port Moresby 1874-94.

overlooking the sea with hills and valleys stretching behind it.

Chalmers was not many hours in Port Moresby when his love of adventure asserted itself. He must see for himself what lay beyond these valleys and up the slopes of those hills. If there were villages there he might begin work amongst them. Early one morning, accompanied by another missionary, some native teachers, and a number of Port Moresby people, he left the mission house, and crossing the low ground behind it began to ascend the hill and then down the other side of it. Soon they were making their way across a barren plain, cut here and there with dry water-courses. The only thing that seemed to grow was a few stunted gum trees. Herds of kangaroo-like wallaby jumped off in all directions as the travellers approached. The sun became very hot, but on the farther side of the plain was a thick belt of forest land which afforded some protection. Great palms reared their stately heads above them, and creepers of varied hue wreathed and twined round trunks and branches or trailed across the path, making progress difficult. Butterflies, brilliant in colour, fluttered past, while the forest resounded with the shrill cries of birds of gayest plumage.

In a short time they reached the banks of a river, and after resting there during the hottest part of the day they pushed on till sunset. Tired and weary after their long tramp, they decided to camp by the

side of the stream. The water looked delightfully cool and Chalmers determined to have a bathe. Horror was written on the faces of the natives; they gesticulated wildly, and at length gave him to understand that the place swarmed with alligators. As he had no wish to provide them with an evening meal, he made some of the party pour water over him. The New Guineans were much amused, as they usually wait for a shower of rain or a dip in the sea to wash them.

By the time the operation was finished a fire had been lighted, food cooked, and hammocks with mosquito nets over them slung from the trees. Darkness fell rapidly, as it always does in tropical countries, and before supper was over night had closed in. Round the blazing light of the camp-fire squatted the wearied men for evening prayers. A portion of Scripture was read, a prayer offered, and then through the forest rang the notes of Christian hymns. Tired eyelids closed in sleep and silence fell on the camp. In his hammock Chalmers looked up, and through the trees the shining stars looked down. Fire-flies flitted past, strange creatures hurried through the bush, and overhead the birds called with unfamiliar cries.

Before daybreak the camp was struck, the river forded, and, guided by a moon often hidden by clouds, the party made their way slowly to the base of the mountain range. As they began to climb under

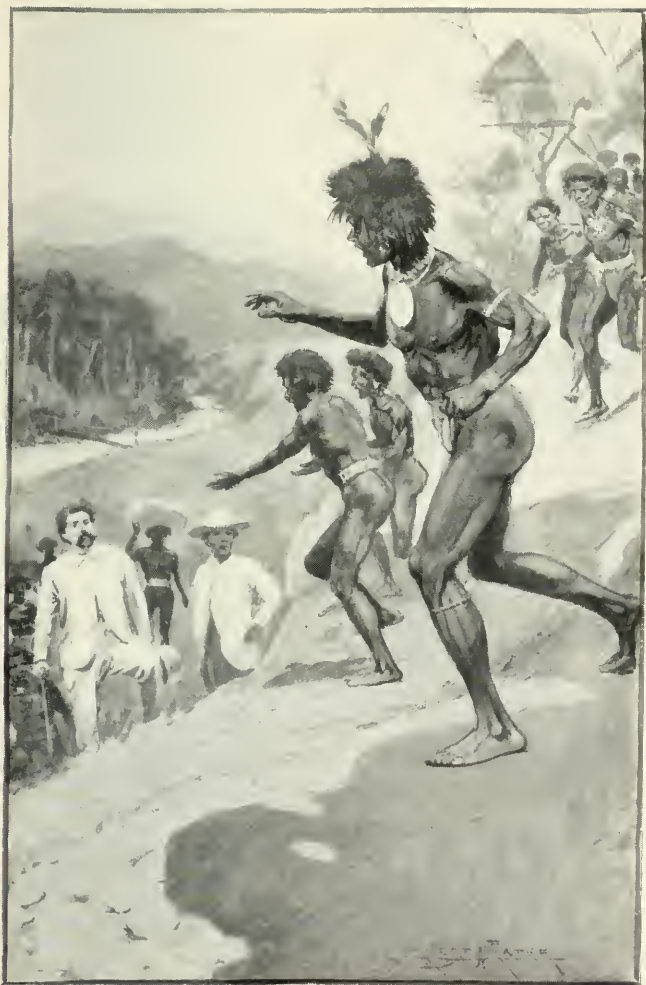
a burning sun, armed natives appeared on a ridge above them.

‘Tepiake ! tepiake ! tepiake !’ (Friends ! friends ! friends !) called out one of the native teachers.

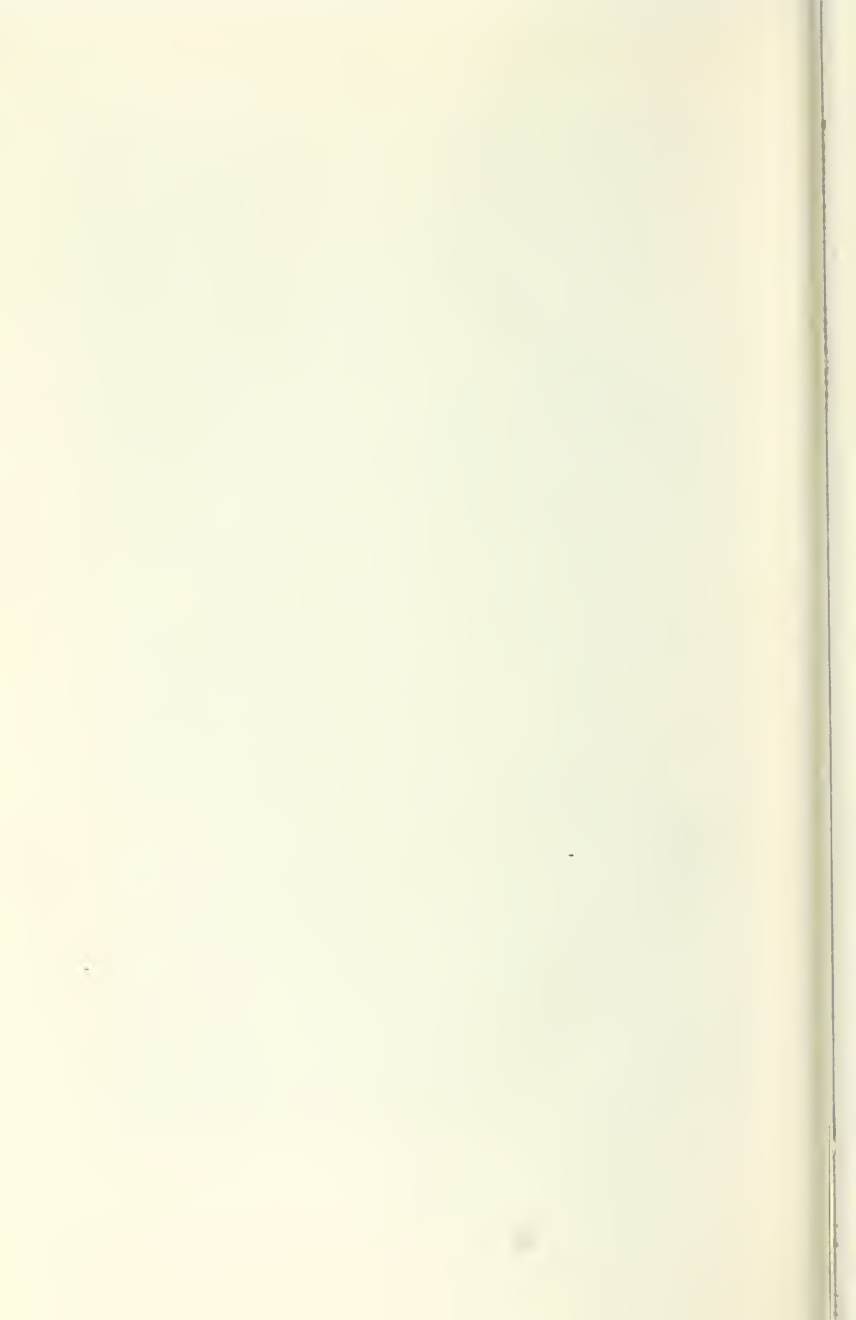
‘Misi Lao ! Misi Lao !’ the Papuans called out on seeing a white man. Spears were cast aside, and they rushed down the hill-side to meet the travellers.

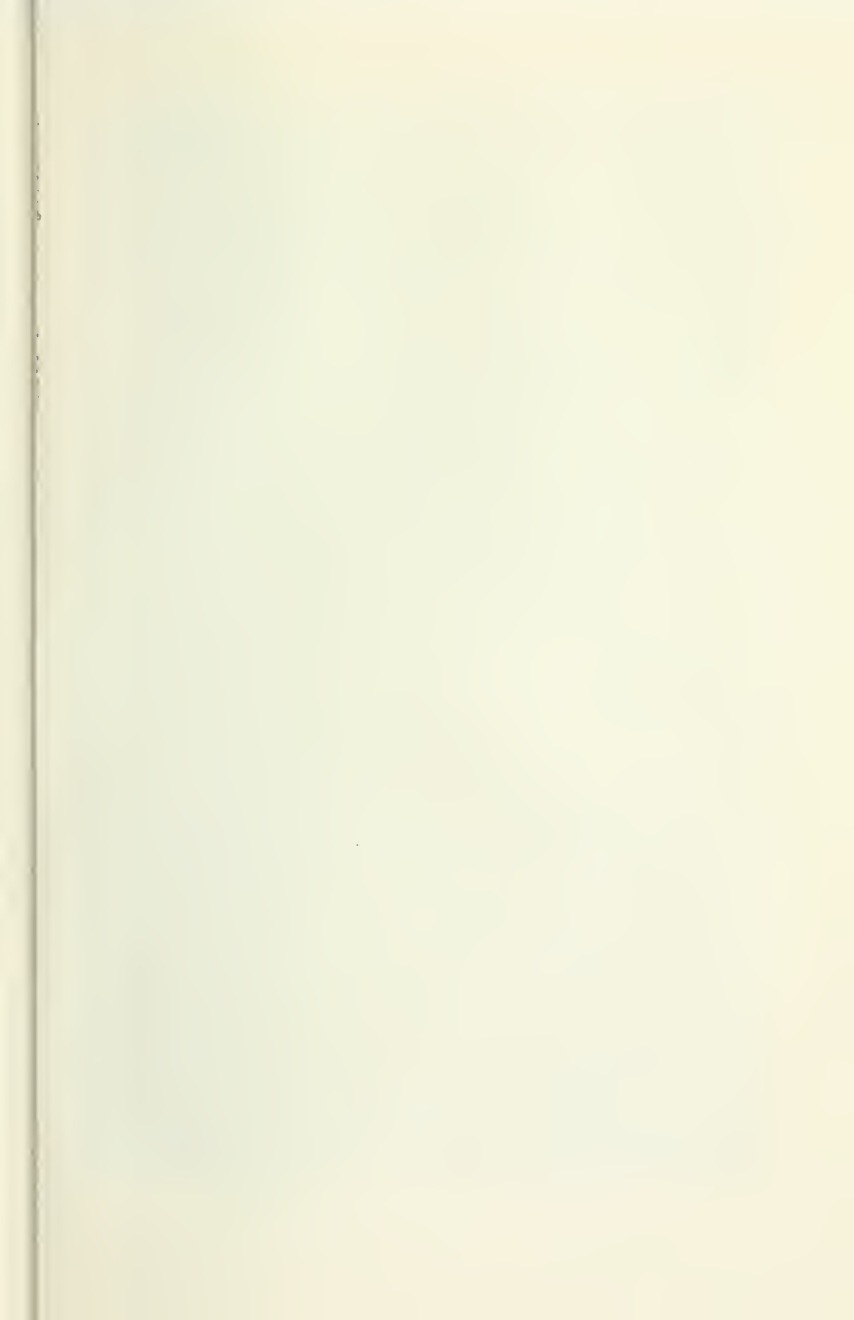
Chattering all the time and examining the equipment of the party, they conducted Chalmers and his friends to their village. Ere they reached it all were on good terms, and soon a lively barter trade began. Taro, sago, sugar-cane, sweet-yams, and water were promptly offered in exchange for pieces of tobacco, beads, and cloth. Chalmers had now time to look about him, and strange sights met his eyes. On this ridge, 1,100 feet above sea level, grew a number of trees, and on the highest were perched houses not unlike great dovecots. From them hung long trailing ladders made of pieces of bamboo and twisted fibre, so that, when danger threatened, they could be drawn up. Some of the people had their faces blackened with soot and gum and then smeared with white. Their teeth, too, were discoloured with the juice of the betel nut which they chewed unceasingly. Many of them had never seen a white man before, and when Chalmers took off his shirt there was a shout of surprise that brought half the village to gaze in wonder upon such a freak as a man with a white skin.





THEY RUSHED DOWN THE HILL-SIDE TO MEET THE TRAVELLERS.







HOUSES NOT UNLIKE GREAT DOVECOTS.

That night the travellers slept in a palm-thatched house on the hill-top, and at dawn continued their journey. Mountains rose on all sides of them, but of people there were few, and Chalmers was forced to admit that it would be wasted time and energy for a missionary to settle in these parts. He accordingly retraced his steps, and by forced marches reached Port Moresby in time for the Sunday services.

Convinced that he must seek elsewhere for a site on which to establish a mission station, Tamate and his wife, accompanied by Mr. Lawes, set off along the eastern coast. They passed many villages, some of them built on piles standing in the sea. At one place they landed and made their way across swampy ground where the mangrove flourished, then through a dense bush and groves of sago palms and mango trees. As Chalmers went along, he picked up a curious-looking seed. A native beside him, thinking he was about to eat it, became greatly alarmed.

‘ If you eat it,’ he said, ‘ you will swell up so— ’ and he indicated an enormous size.

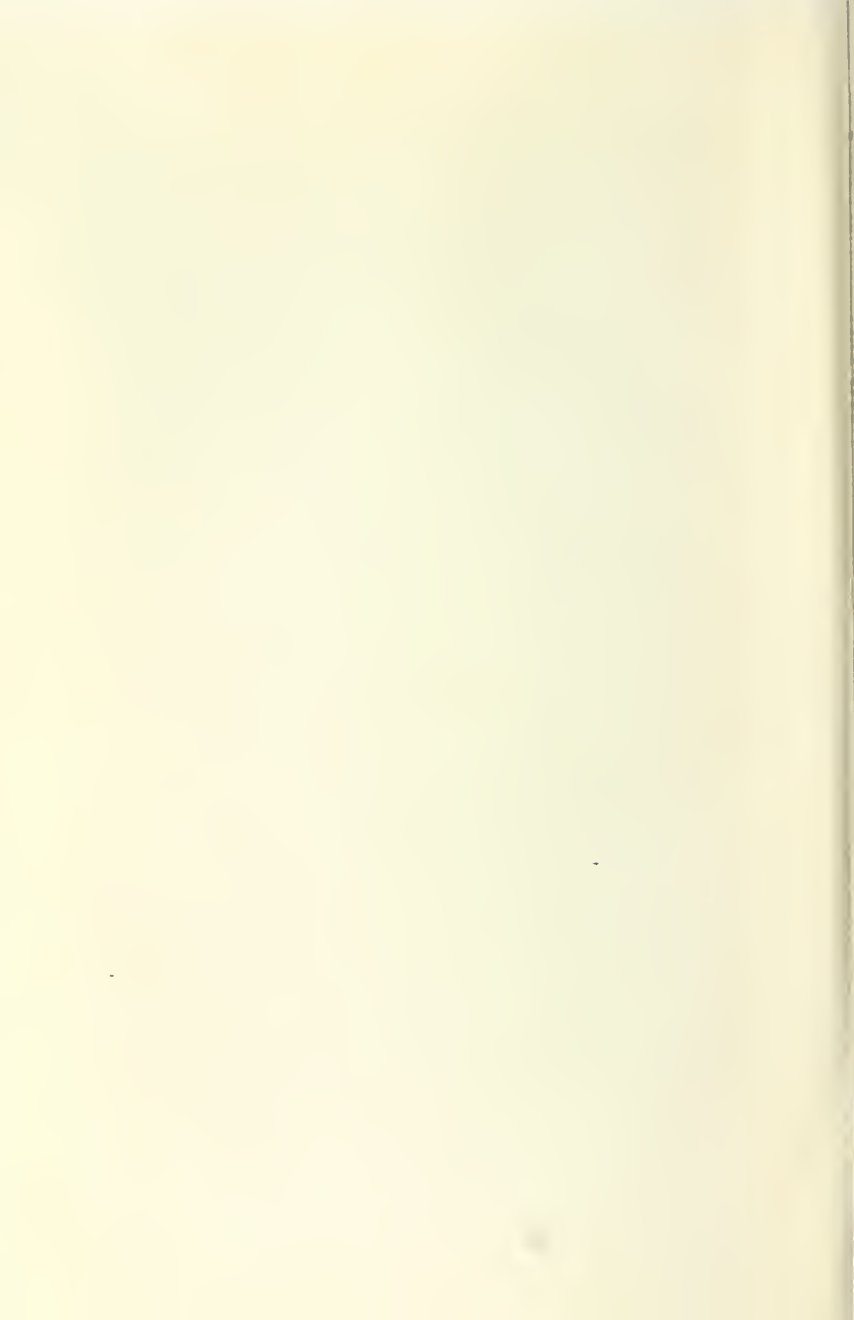
As they neared a village there was great alarm. Spears were seized and the women hid themselves in the bush, for white men had never been there before. The name of Misi Lao, however, acted like a charm, and the men thus reassured laid aside their arms, while the women cautiously crept back and began cooking a meal which the travellers ate with

relish. Presents were exchanged, and the missionaries returned to the shore.

Chalmers visited many places, but nowhere could he find a suitable site, till one afternoon, on rounding a cape off the little island of Suau, there appeared before him a village on a well-wooded point. In the bay a man was fishing from a canoe, and as the strangers approached he appeared to be in great terror. They held up a piece of red cloth and some beads and came alongside of him. He was a wild-looking savage, having his arm decorated with a human jaw-bone, a trophy of his prowess in some fight. After getting his presents, he paddled off as hard as he could and informed his friends. In a short time a number of canoes put off and surrounded the vessel in which Chalmers had arrived. They clambered on deck, and as Mrs. Chalmers sat knitting, one old fellow named Kirikeu planted himself beside her. He was a fierce-looking customer, with necklaces of bones hanging from him, shells on his arms, and feathers in his hair; but Mrs. Chalmers knew it would be foolish to show any alarm, so she smiled to Kirikeu and went on with her work. He looked her up and down and then decided to make friends with her. Next morning he returned, bringing with him a present of taro for the lady, so Chalmers determined to employ him as guide when he went ashore. Kirikeu felt greatly honoured, and led the party to a place where there was a good water-









supply. Near it was a piece of unoccupied ground with white sand running down to the beach and ending in black rocks, with the mainland scarce a gunshot's length distant.

Here Tamate decided to build his home, but before it was ready he must have some place to shelter him, so he went and had a talk with the chief man of the village. He would not give up all his house to the missionary, but for a certain number of beads, tomahawks, and pieces of cloth Chalmers was allowed the half of it. The matter having been thus settled, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers had all their belongings carried ashore and placed in their temporary dwelling-place. It stood on piles some distance above the ground and had no windows or doors. There was a platform in front, and inside, across the middle, was a partition, two feet high, which divided Tamate's half from that of the chief. Often when he wanted to say 'good-morning' to his guests the chief stepped over this partition and came to where their mattress lay. Hanging on the walls were human skulls, for the old man told Chalmers quite frankly that he and his people were cannibals and head-hunters. The chief's end of the house also contained his spears of hard, sharp-pointed wood, his murderous clubs with stone heads, and his curiously shaped shields, decorated with feathers and painted in gaudy colours.

It was a strange abode for a missionary, but

Chalmers made up his mind to win the confidence of the people he had come to teach by living amongst them and showing that he trusted them. Often as he lay and looked into the moonlight through those rows of skulls, he wondered how he was ever to succeed in preaching the gospel of love to those blood-thirsty savages. For himself and his wife he felt no fear. He had come unscathed through too many perils to doubt the power of an all-protecting Hand.

The building of a house was Tamate's first care, and when the natives found that he had knives and cloth to give them they were ready to work as hard as he pleased. He took them into the woods and showed them the kind of trees he wanted and the length he required. They laughed and shouted as they cut the timber and carried it to where Tamate's house was beginning to take shape. He was their white man, and they felt quite a step above their neighbours because he had chosen to stay at their village.

One day Chalmers had gone down to the shore, when suddenly he heard a great noise, and on looking round saw the chief's house surrounded by a howling mob of armed, painted savages, who had come from the other side of the island. Tamate rushed back, and pushing his way through the crowd, jumped up on to the platform. Unarmed, but perfectly cool, Chalmers faced them. An ugly-looking fellow

rushed at him with uplifted club. The bead-like eyes of Tamate were fixed on him and he hesitated.

‘What do you want?’ demanded Chalmers sternly.

‘Tomahawks, knives, iron, beads; and if you don’t give us them we will kill you,’ was the threatening reply.

‘You may kill us, but never a thing will you get,’ boldly answered Chalmers.

Some of the native teachers, greatly alarmed, urged Tamate to give something, but he remained firm. To give them presents now would mean greater demands later on. The chief then talked to the hostile crowd, and after a time they retired to the bush. A few returned and repeated their demands to Chalmers.

‘I never give to armed people,’ was his reply, and they moved sulkily away.

Night came on. A strict watch was kept, and though no attack was made, still the anxious watchers could see the dark figures of the warriors moving stealthily among the trees. Next morning Chalmers and his friends went on with their work as usual, and soon Kirikeu came along accompanied by a native.

‘Tamate,’ said Kirikeu, ‘this is the chief of yesterday, and he is sorry for what took place.’

‘Ah,’ returned Chalmers, hardly recognizing the man without his paint, ‘now you are clean and

unarmed I shall make friends with you and give you a present.'

The danger was passed, and Tamate by his courage and firmness had compelled the respect of the savages.

The house was finished at last, and after some difficulty Chalmers got all his goods safely stored inside. From the first day of his stay at Suau he had regularly held services under the shade of a great tamano tree that grew in front of the chief's house. Round him stood the natives, mere spectators at first, and wondering vaguely what the talking and the singing was all about. Gradually they came to understand that Tamate worshipped one Great Spirit, who was neither revengeful nor cruel, but full of love and tenderness to all men. This was something new. They too believed in a spirit—in many spirits, but they lived in dread of them, for they imagined them to be jealous, vengeance-seeking powers. 'Come,' they said, 'let us hear more about the Great Spirit whom Tamate loves.'

And so beneath the great tamano tree which had been the scene of many a cannibal feast James Chalmers proclaimed the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It was a small beginning, but the strong faith of the man saw a future rich with blessing.

All went well for a time, and Chalmers began to think that he had gained the love of the people and that he would have little more trouble with

them, but shortly before Christmas 1877 his hopes were rudely shattered. Outside in the bay lay his little vessel, the *Mayri*, and one morning three shots were fired by some one on board. Chalmers started, and looked across the waters. A crowd of natives had boarded the ship and were hauling up the anchor, while others on shore were pulling at a rope attached to the *Mayri*. In a few minutes she would be ashore. Quick as thought, Tamate leaped down from the house, jumped the fence, and rushed to the beach. The natives saw him coming, and letting go the rope, scattered, while those on the vessel plunged into the sea. Firing began again, and getting into a canoe with two men, Chalmers made them paddle out to the *Mayri*. The deck was stained with blood. Leaning against the mainmast was the captain with a spear thrust in his side and a cut across his foot. In the hold a native lay dead. Tamate's brow grew dark and his heart sad within him. Hitherto he had carefully avoided bloodshed and never resorted to the use of arms. What untold mischief was here ; what dire results might follow this day's fray ?

But it was a time for quick actions, and with a silent prayer for strength, Chalmers hurried ashore where natives were arming in ever-growing numbers. Reinforcements were arriving from other villages, and the death of the native had made the people, usually kindly disposed to Chalmers, disinclined to help

him. After dusk a friendly native crept up to the house and told Tamate that he had just come from a meeting at the chief's house.

'To-morrow, when the big star rises,' he said, 'you are all to be killed.'

Chalmers went in and told his wife. Escape by the *Mayri* during the night was possible.

'Shall we men stay and you women go?' he said to her. There was a brave light in her eyes.

'We have come here to preach the Gospel and do those people good,' she answered. 'God, whom we serve, will take care of us. We will stay.'

The blood thrilled through Tamate's veins, and greater courage nerved him for the coming ordeal. His Master's words were in his ears :

No man, having put his hand to the plough,  
and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of  
God.

It was the hour of evening prayer, and, opening his Bible, he called his native teachers together and read the forty-sixth Psalm :

God is our refuge and strength,  
A very present help in time of trouble.  
Therefore we will not fear . . .

The shouts of angry savages broke in upon them as Tamate read on.

Be still, and know that I am God ;  
I will be exalted among the heathen,  
I will be exalted in the earth.

More shouting. Were they about to attack the house now ?

The Lord of hosts is with us ;  
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

Chalmers closed the Book and prayed. As he did so the *Mayri* weighed anchor and stood out to sea. Their last chance of escape was gone !

## CHAPTER VI

### BESET BY SPEARS AND CLUBS

THREE days had passed, and on the beach a large war canoe had just been launched. A hundred smaller ones were being lifted into the water. Quickly they were filled with painted warriors, decorated with shells and feathers, and carrying spears, clubs, and shields. There was much shouting and excitement, for these men had come from the mainland to assist at the death of the white man and his friends, but up there in the little mission house he was still alive. Their threats he had defied, their rage he had scorned. They had sworn to burn his house, they had vowed to kill him, but when he stood before them, brave and fearless, they had slunk back afraid.

And now, angry at their failure, they were quarrelling among themselves.

‘To-morrow,’ shouted one of the warriors from the big canoe, ‘we return, not only to kill the white man and his friends, but to kill all of you.’

There was a peal of mocking laughter from the shore. Those who had been half-hearted in their wish to save Tamate grew bolder. Before his



coming the chief was a nobody; now he was a man of authority, and he would stand up for his friend.

‘ You have no white man to give you tomahawks and beads,’ he shouted to the departing warriors, ‘ and if you try to kill him, you kill him over my body.’

It was thus the matter ended. A cannibal chief had saved Tamate’s life.

With a grateful heart Chalmers once again mingled with the natives. His many acts of kindness touched them, and they understood now that he was their friend. His settling amongst them puzzled them, however.

‘ Why did you leave your country ? ’ they asked.

‘ To teach you and to tell you of the great loving Spirit who loves us all.’

But that did not seem a sufficient reason, so they sought for another.

‘ Have you coco-nuts in your country ? ’

‘ No.’

‘ Have you yams ? ’

‘ No.’

‘ Have you taro ? ’

‘ No.’

‘ Have you sago ? ’

‘ No.’

‘ Have you plenty of hoop-iron and tomahawks ? ’

‘ Yes, in great abundance.’

‘ Ah, we understand now why you have come. You have nothing to eat in Beritani (Britain), but you have plenty of hoop-iron and tomahawks with which you can buy food.’

One day Chalmers was opening a can of tinned meat. The natives round him eyed him curiously.

‘ See,’ they said when he had finished, ‘ the people of Beritani have cooked a man and sent him in that box to Tamate.’

At first Chalmers did very little preaching. He did not know the language well enough, and besides, he had to make the people feel first of all by his own life that his gospel was one that made men better and happier. He planted his garden and made his fence ; he played with the children and talked with their fathers and mothers ; he made promises and kept them ; he did not lie ; he did not steal.

‘ Tamate is not like other men,’ they said. ‘ It is the Great Spirit that makes him good.’

And so it was not by sermons that the Gospel of Jesus Christ began to be known at Suau. It was through the upright life of a brave Christian man.

One day he told the people that he was going to visit Tepauri. It was not far away, but between the natives there and those of Suau there was a long-standing quarrel. Chalmers made up his mind to end the bitterness between them, and proposed to take some of the leading men with him, but the very idea of such a thing struck terror into their hearts.





THEY DANCED ROUND THE STRANGERS ALL THE WHILE.

They thought Tamate was either a very great fool or mad to talk of going near Tepauri.

In the evening they came to the mission house and placed a number of skulls in a row. Looking solemnly at Chalmers, old Kirikeu spoke.

‘ Friend, are you going over there to-morrow ? ’ he asked, pointing in the direction of Tepauri.

‘ Yes, I intend going,’ answered Tamate.

‘ Do you see those skulls ? ’ continued Kirikeu. ‘ They belonged to people we killed from over there. They have never been paid for, and your head would be considered good payment, for you are our great friend. Will you go now ? ’

‘ Yes, I go to-morrow morning, and God will take care of us,’ was the bold reply.

They went away sad at heart. Tamate was surely going to his death.

And now it was morning. On the shore stood Chalmers and a Rarotongan teacher named Beni, while behind them a crowd of natives watched them enter their boat. There was much shouting, and strong efforts were made to turn Tamate from his purpose. It was all in vain ; the boat was pushed off and was soon carrying the daring voyagers on their perilous mission.

A short sail brought the adventurers in sight of Tepauri, and leaving the boat on the reef they waded ashore. On the beach was a noisy crowd armed with spears and clubs. They danced round the

strangers, shouting all the while. Presently they seized them by the hand and hurried them along the shore.

'*Goira ! goira !*' shouted the savages. It was a new word to Chalmers, but it sounded horribly like the Rarotongan 'Spear them ! spear them !'

Across the sands they went and then through a dry water-course.

'I must stop this mad rush,' said Chalmers to himself, and he placed his heel firmly against a stone. Strong as he was, he was powerless against the numbers pushing and pulling at him, so he decided to go along quietly.

'*Goira ! goira !*' rose the shouts once more.

Chalmers looked round. Beni was close behind him. 'What do you think of it, Beni ?' he called to his friend.

'Oh, they are taking us to their sacred place to kill us,' returned the Rarotongan.

Chalmers thought so too, and when presently they entered a dense bush he felt sure of it.

'It's no use resisting, Beni,' he said as they went. 'God is with us.'

At last a hill came in sight. Near a great rock with ferns, mosses, and lichens round it was a stream of clear water dropping into a cool pool below. Here they halted and placed Tamate on one stone and Beni on another. What was to happen now. Did it mean death to both ?

*Goira ! goira !* ' shouted the leader.

A silent prayer escaped the lips of Chalmers. still no spear was lifted, no club raised.

' *Goira ! goira !* ' shouted the man once more.

Chalmers looked at him. He was pointing to the pool. A light broke in upon Tamate. *Goira* was their word for water !

These people had been told that when Chalmers had landed at Suau he had looked for a place with a good water-supply, so they imagined that if they could provide him with that he might be tempted to come and live with them. He stayed a few hours at their village, and, greatly to their delight, gave them some small presents. A friendly crowd followed him to the beach. He could not understand what they said, but the look on their faces told him they were pleased and that he need have no fear in coming again. He had made a good beginning at Tepauri.

At Suau the people continued on friendly terms with Chalmers. He had paid for the land on which his house was built, given just wages for the work done for him, and treated the natives kindly. All these things helped to strengthen his hold over them. In addition to that, the coming of the white man had made it possible for them to carry on a larger barter trade, for he had paid them in goods that would find a ready market in other villages.

Filled with this idea, they started west in their

canoes, carrying with them the knives, the hoop-iron, the beads, and the cloth they had got from Tamate. Gliding by fever-haunted swamps and paddling round headlands clothed with the coconut palm, they chanted his praises. At villages where they landed they displayed their wealth, and proclaimed everywhere that they had a white man living with them ; one who dealt fairly and was their friend. Thus was the name of Tamate noised abroad throughout the whole district.

The days passed and at length the canoes re-entered the bay. The conch-shells were blown. Crowds flocked to the shore to give the traders a welcome home. Amid much shouting and dancing they were conducted up the beach. Such a lot there was to tell ! The bargains they had made, the people they had met, the adventures they had had ; the respect shown them because of their white friend. All these things were told again and again till one might have imagined Suau the noisiest place on earth.

And amidst them James Chalmers stood a silent listener. His heart thrilled when he heard how his name had been carried far and wide as the friend of the black man. He must visit these peoples ; learn something of their country ; gain their friendship, and, if God should spare him, to them also the Gospel of his Lord and Master Jesus Christ would be preached. It was a fine thought, and as the mind of Chalmers rested upon it his whole face lit



up with joy. We may be sure that in the days that followed the brain of James Chalmers was busy with his new idea.

His chance soon came. A little mission steamer called the *Ellangowan*, the gift of a Dundee lady to the London Missionary Society, arrived at Suau. Chalmers quickly got ready, and one morning he stood on the beach waiting for the boat to take him out to the steamer which lay at anchor with steam up. He, perhaps, was not like a missionary as he stood there in his white clothes and big helmet shading his face from the sun. He had no Bible in his hand, neither was the little bag he carried full of them. In fact had one looked into it he would have found there a strange assortment of knives, beads, cloth, and pieces of iron. All the same, it was through these things that he was to prepare the way for the preaching of the Gospel. At length he stepped into the boat and soon gained the deck of the *Ellangowan*. The anchor was weighed ; the captain signalled to the engine-room ; the screw began to turn. Chalmers was off on a big scouting trip !

Over sunlit waters, across lovely bays, and under frowning cliffs the little vessel made her way till she came to a place called Farm Bay. The people there had a very bad name and were considered dangerous, but Tamate was not afraid, so he got into a boat and was rowed ashore. Before the keel touched the sand he was on the beach and marching

towards the nearest house. The natives had their spears and clubs, but he had no arms—only his little bag of trinkets. At first the natives seemed afraid of him and kept at some distance from him. Presently one more daring than his fellows came and touched his clothes. Nothing happened. Thus encouraged, another and then another crept nearer. They discussed him noisily ; felt him all over and then, biting their fingers, scampered off. An old woman came forward and touched his black boot. Tamate nodded, and raising his other foot pulled the boot off. The woman screamed and bolted, followed by the whole crowd, who ran pell-mell into the bush. Here was a man whose foot came off !

At another village Chalmers and the mate from the steamer approached the shore intending to land. An armed crowd rushed down as they were about to spring on to the beach and told them to go back. ‘ But I have come a long way to see your chief,’ said Tamate, ‘ and have a present for him.’

‘ Give us your present and we will give it to him.’

‘ I am Tamate from Suau,’ he continued, ‘ and have come as a friend to your chief, so I must land.’

‘ You must not land,’ shouted a woman. ‘ I shall take your present, or he will take it to his father,’ she continued, pointing to the chief’s son, who stood near by.



HERE WAS A MAN WHOSE FOOT CAME OFF.



'No; I must see the chief for myself,' insisted Tamate, 'but the son I should like to talk with and give him a present also.'

They hesitated, and the next moment Chalmers and his companion were on the beach and making their way through the mangroves to the chief's house. He was seated on the platform in front, nursing a child, and received them sullenly without rising.

'I am Tamate, and come as your friend.'

'I know all about you,' was the surly reply.

This was not promising, and Chalmers thought he might gain the old man's favour by giving the child a present. He placed some beads upon the little fellow, who stared at him with eyes of wonder. The chief picked them up and threw them back to Chalmers, while the crowd laughed and jostled him. It was clear there was to be a row.

'What do you think of things?' asked Chalmers of the mate.

'Bad, sir, bad. The bush is full of natives, and arms are everywhere. They have stolen all my beads and hoop-iron. It looks like mischief.'

'Then let us get quickly to the boat,' said Chalmers. Turning to the chief he added:

'Friend, I am going.'

'Go,' retorted the old man, raising his eyebrows.

But to gain the beach was no easy matter. Spears were rattled and clubs flourished in a threatening

manner. When they entered the boat an attack would likely be made. Half the distance had been covered when the mate suddenly shouted:

‘Look out, sir, there’s a fellow behind you ready to strike with his club.’

Tamate wheeled round and fixed his eyes on the savage.

‘I must have that club or it will have me,’ he said to himself.

Hurriedly he pulled a piece of hoop-iron from his bag and with his left hand pushed it in front of the native. His eyes glistened with desire to possess the treasure.

He reached out his arm to take it. In an instant Tamate’s right hand shot out and wrenched the club from his grasp. The hoop-iron was the native’s, but the club was Tamate’s!

At Dufaure Island Chalmers had an amusing experience. He liked the look of the place, for there were no swamps, and right to the top of the hills there appeared to be plantations. The villages on the beach looked very clean and tidy, so he determined to land. The chief, Meaudi, met him, and rubbing his nose and stomach as a sign of friendship bade him welcome. He had heard of Tamate, and paid him a compliment in a form not uncommon in that region.

‘You are no longer Tamate,’ said the chief, ‘you are Meaudi.’

‘Right, my friend,’ replied Chalmers, wishful to please and mindful of the custom. ‘You are no longer Meaudi, you are Tamate.’

Chalmers gave him the usual present, but was hardly prepared for what followed.

‘Come, Meaudi,’ said the chief, ‘here are your relatives and friends.’

A whole procession appeared—grandfathers, grandmothers, fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, uncles, aunts, and cousins of every degree. They all claimed kinship with Chalmers and expected a present!

So the great White Scout passed on from place to place, keeping his eyes and ears ever open for all he saw and heard. When night came he sat down in the little cabin of the *Ellangowan*, or on the boards of some native house, and taking out his note-book wrote down all that happened during the day. On one page would be a description of a village where the natives were friendly, food abundant, water plentiful. Chalmers would mark that specially as a place where he could send a teacher. Perhaps another page would contain the record of a district that was unhealthy or dangerous. Such a place would be set aside till more was known about it. But there was only one object in the mind of Chalmers for all this wandering about—to find out where it was possible to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. The friendship of Chalmers with the natives, the giving

of presents—all were means to attain his great purpose.

In the course of his journey he visited one hundred and five villages, ninety of which had never seen a white man before. At last he got back to Suau. Everything had gone well in his absence, and the teachers were working splendidly.

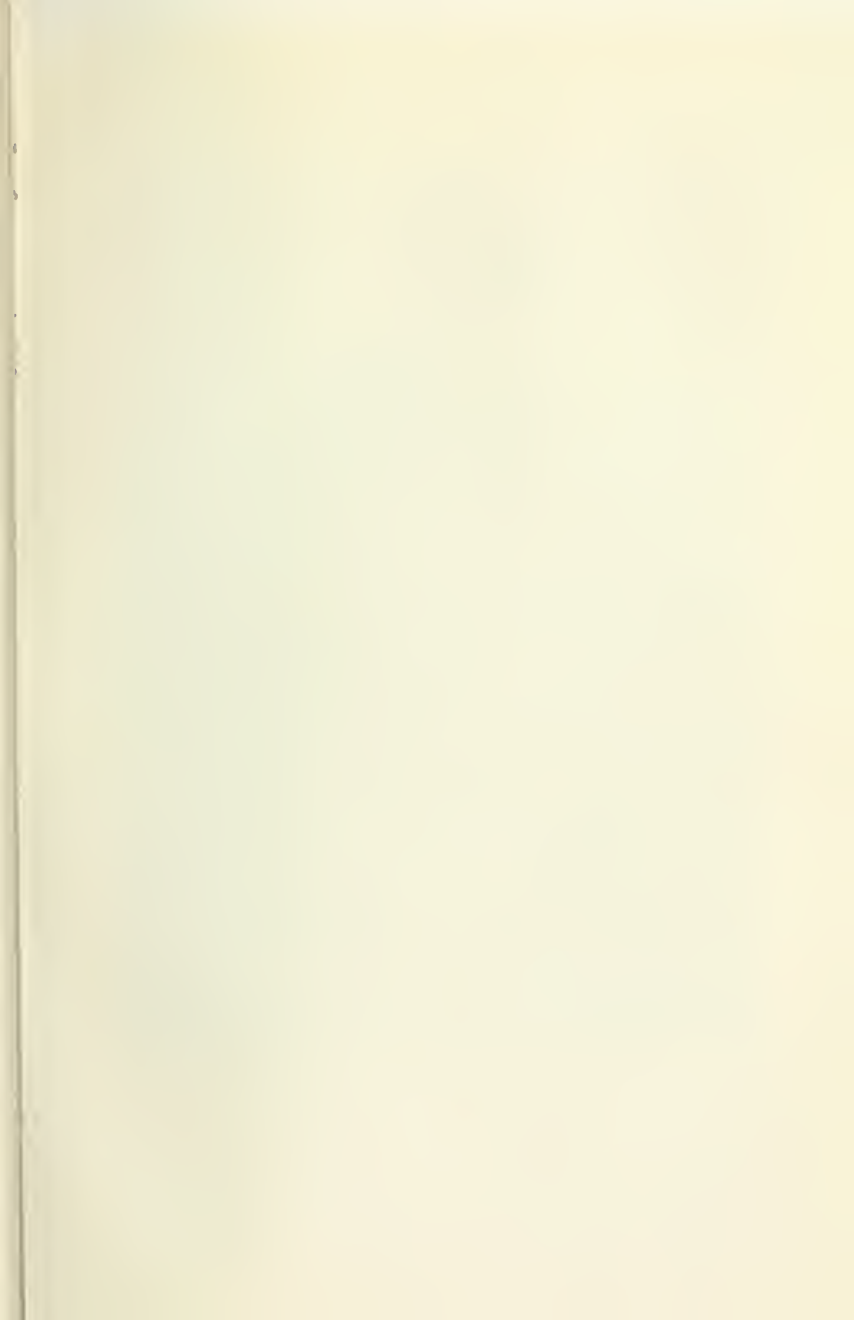
Chalmers had translated some hymns into the Suau language, and the natives took a great delight in singing them. They were not great singers, but were fond of music, and though they knew very little of Him about Whom they sang, still it was a beginning.

Sometimes as they paddled along the shore or tramped through the woods, Chalmers could hear them singing their hymns one moment, then shouting and laughing the next. He wondered if they understood anything about Jesus at all. He had left his home and his friends to teach them.

‘I wonder if it is worth while?’ he asked himself. He opened his Bible and read anew his Master’s command:

‘Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel.’  
Tamate was satisfied.







TAMATE'S FIRST HOUSE AT SUAU.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE TRAIL OF THE MOUNTAIN SCOUT

'Something lost behind the Ranges,  
Over yonder. Go you there.'

KIPLING.

THERE was sorrow in the mission house at Suau; Tamate Vaine<sup>1</sup> was very ill. The teacher slipped in and out, tending her carefully, while the natives brought their choicest fruits and laid them on the verandah. Often Tamate had left her in their care and no harm had ever come to her, for they had grown to love the White Lady of Suau. But now sickness had fallen upon her; they were powerless to help, and Tamate was away among the mountains that rose behind Suau.

'If only he were here she would get well,' said the people as they turned towards the mainland and, shading their eyes, looked away towards the forest track.

At last he came. Across the bay sped the canoes, 'Tamate Vaine is sick! Tamate Vaine is sick!' they cried. Chalmers looked sad and thoughtful. Of late his wife had been often struck down with illness, and he saw she was becoming weaker. He

<sup>1</sup> The native name for Mrs. Chalmers.

hurried up the beach and found Mrs. Chalmers worse than he had expected.

‘She cannot remain here much longer,’ he said to himself. ‘Suau is not so healthy as I thought,’ and he remembered how often the deadly fever had laid its grip on the little mission band. They talked a great deal about what should be done. Mrs. Chalmers wanted to stay, and Tamate was very loath to send his companion from him, but as the days went on he realized she must go to Australia, for a time at least. It was her only chance of life.

By the beginning of October she was sufficiently well to travel. The natives came to say good-bye, and her heart was filled with gladness at the expression of their love for her.

‘Tamate Vaine will come back strong and well,’ they said as the vessel bore her away. They were wrong. They had seen the last of the White Lady of Suau.

Chalmers went on with his work, and wrote long, cheery letters to his wife in Sydney. Sometimes he did not feel very cheerful, for he was very lonely now, and attacks of fever left him much depressed. Still he battled on, visiting the mission stations he had established along the coast and placing teachers in new villages. He was beginning to see more progress in his work, and that helped to brighten his life. December 1878 passed, and another year dawned.

‘Along what path shall my Father lead me?’

he asked himself as the thought of the coming days forced itself upon him. He knew there might be sorrow and trial, but he was not afraid. The promise of his Father upheld him—‘Lo, I am with you always.’

On January 26 a letter from Sydney reached him. Mrs. Chalmers was much worse, and the doctors thought her recovery doubtful. It was Tamate’s dark hour. He could not forsake his post of duty at a moment’s notice, and yet, hundreds of miles across the sea, the one he loved most lay dying. Weeks passed before he was able to leave New Guinea. With all speed he set out for Australia and got as far as Cooktown, where a newspaper was handed to him. He glanced at its columns. The light faded from his eyes, and he drew his lips tight as he walked along with bowed head. Tamate Vaine had crossed the River.

Chalmers had been planning a trip home to Britain in the fond hope that his wife would be able to accompany him, but now she was gone that could not be.

‘Go yourself, Tamate,’ urged his friends. ‘It will do your health good and help you to forget.’

The eyes of Chalmers flashed fire. He was made of sterner stuff.

‘Were I to go home now,’ he said, ‘people would say, “Here is a missionary who has lost his wife, and he must needs run home and leave the poor South Sea Island teachers alone, though some of them have had the same trial to endure.” No:

let me bury my sorrow in work for Christ.' And Chalmers went back to New Guinea.

Suau and the neighbouring stations were doing well. The native teachers were quite capable of carrying on the work.

'Why should I remain here,' said Chalmers, 'when so much of the country remains unknown and unvisited? I want no easy task. I must be a pioneer with all the danger and hardship that fall to his lot.'

He said good-bye to Suau and sailed for Port Moresby. From the vessel he saw the great mountain ranges rising in their majestic splendour far inland. Between them and the coast were valleys and ridges and rivers. There must be people yonder; villages far healthier than those along the fever-haunted coast. Tamate's heart burned within him as he thought of the glorious chance he might have of taking his Master's message to these unknown regions.

He landed, and for a day or two was very busy getting ready for the journey. His packing was not like ours, for he was the only one of the party who needed a supply of clothes, and even that was a small one. There were parcels of salt; bundles of calico; packages of knives and tomahawks; boxes of beads, and some provisions that would be used should they not find sufficient food as they went along. When all was ready, Chalmers went down to the village at





RUATOKA.



Port Moresby and engaged carriers to go with him on the first stage of the journey. He would have taken them all the way with him if he could have got them to go, but a New Guinean is afraid to venture far from his native village.

At last on July 15, 1879, the eighteen carriers lined up in front of the mission house. Ruatoka, a native teacher, and Joe, an African lad, who were both to accompany Chalmers, saw that each man got his bundle, and then Chalmers came out. He took a last look at his map, slipped his compass into his pocket, and shouted good-bye to his friends. He was off to the mountains.

It was the best time of the year for travelling, and the party made good progress. Through the thick belt of forest land they tramped for a few hours and struck the Laroki River near where the Goldie joins it. There was some searching for a shallow place at which to cross. A shout from the leaders announced that it had been found. Down they went into the stream, laughing and chattering in their enjoyment of the cool water. A short rest on the farther bank and then the climb began. Up, up they went till they came to Moumiri. The people, taken by surprise, thought they were enemies and rushed for their spears. The next moment, however, they recognized the voice of Rua, the Port Moresby teacher, and scampered down the hill, slapping themselves in their delight. The chief welcomed Chalmers

kindly, and made him sit under the house till his wife returned from the plantation with sugar-canes. She was a long time in coming, but Tamate enjoyed the rest after his stiff climb. The people crowded round to have a good look at the foreigner. Such curious questions they asked one another.

‘ Why does he wear clothes ? ’ said one.

‘ Are his arms white too ? ’ ventured another.

Tamate pulled up his sleeve. There was a general shriek, and quick flight of the more timid.

A woman peeped out from behind a piece of matting that formed the doorway of a house. There was a rattling noise, and when Chalmers looked up he saw it was caused by a bunch of nutshells, so hung that whenever the curtain moved the shells rattled. It was a New Guinean door-knocker, guaranteed to announce the approach of friend or foe.

Morning came. The sun streamed over the mountain ridge and flooded the valley with light. The Goldie ran sparkling at the foot of the hill where the Moumiri people were filling their long bamboo rods with water. Chalmers was eager to be off, but no carriers were forthcoming. The Port Moresby men had returned ; the Moumiri people objected to go forward. There were evil spirits who lived among the mountains and they were afraid.

‘ Rua,’ said Chalmers to the teacher, ‘ we can’t stick here. Let’s go on, and when we get carriers they can come here for our stuff.’

Rua got hold of African Joe, and told him of Tamate's plan. He scratched his woolly head and grinned. It was like Tamate; nothing would keep him back.

Off the three started on their climb to the next village. Parrots and cockatoos screamed in the trees, while above the palm trees fluttered the birds of paradise. Through brakes of giant ferns and over creeping vines they picked their way; then past groves of taro and sugar-cane, till the village was reached. Round them crowded the people, armed with spears, clubs, and shields, but evidently more curious than threatening.

That night Chalmers and his friends shared a house with four natives. It was bitterly cold in spite of the fire that was kept burning at one end. For two days they waited for the carriers that had been sent back to Moumiri, while Chalmers went in and out among the natives. He sat and chatted as well as he could with the men as they shaped their spears with the jawbone and tusks of the wild boar as their only implements, or watched the women carrying loads of taro with their babies in their netted cradles slung on the top. Morning and night he read his Bible, sang a hymn, and engaged in prayer. The people looked on in wonder. He was speaking to a Great Spirit. Who was He? Where did He live?

Then Chalmers would try to tell them.

The chief was a great talker and delighted to entertain Chalmers at night with tales of all the wondrous deeds he and his ancestors had performed.

‘Go to sleep,’ Chalmers would say after he had listened politely for an hour or two.

‘Smoke first, then sleep,’ was the chief’s reply.

Out came the great bamboo pipe and the New Guinean puffed on in silence. The smoke was at length finished but the story was not, so on he went in a low monotonous chant. Tamate’s patience was exhausted, but he did not wish to offend his host. He drew the blankets close round him and made up his mind not to listen. Another hour passed; the tale had not ended. At last the flickering light of the fire fell upon the white man’s face. The chief looked very foolish. He had been talking to himself for a long time!

Over the hills and into the valleys marched Chalmers. The hot sun beat down upon the travellers by day, and at night they shivered in the cold. Sometimes there was no track and they had to pick their way cautiously over a boulder-strewn country or along the edge of a frowning precipice. At other times their path lay through thickly wooded belts, where the cedar flourished and the palms waved gracefully above them. Often they were weary and footsore, but Chalmers delighted in difficulties, while his happy smile and never-failing good humour kept

the party cheerful and contented. Glad of heart as when a boy on his Scottish hills, he pushed on from village to village. Everywhere the natives were friendly, though the coming of the white man at first caused alarm. It soon passed, however, for Chalmers knew the art of gaining the confidence of these savage people, and usually they parted from him with regret.

One morning he was having a cup of tea.

‘Give me some of the salt you are putting in there,’ said a native.

‘That isn’t salt,’ replied Chalmers.

There was an I-don’t-believe-you look on the man’s face.

‘Yes, Tamate, it is salt,’ the man insisted.

‘Very well, then, you can taste it,’ continued Chalmers.

The New Guinean took a spoonful and spread it on the floury taro he was eating. A look of disgust spread over his face and he spat his mouthful on the ground. It was sugar !

‘Salt, salt, give us salt,’ was the cry everywhere. If a grain fell on the ground it was immediately picked up and treasured. There was no lack of carriers if salt was given for payment.

At one place the carriers laid down their bundles and refused to budge.

‘You must go no farther,’ they said.

‘Why?’ asked Chalmers.

‘If you go on’, they explained, ‘you will be devoured by the great pig.’

The great pig was not likely to stop Tamate, so he persuaded the natives to pick up their loads and continue the march. Half a mile on they laid them down again.

‘The wild animals will destroy us all,’ they urged.

Tamate looked at the sky. Great copper-coloured clouds hung low on the mountains. A thunderstorm was brewing.

‘Come,’ he said, ‘let us be off or it will thunder before we reach the village.’

People appeared on the ridge and there was much talking and shouting between them and the carriers below. What it all meant Chalmers could not understand, but he was glad when they decided to go on.

All New Guineans have a family pig, but those in this mountain village were larger and fiercer-looking than any Chalmers had hitherto seen. One animal made a rush at him, and he had some difficulty in dodging its tusks. Crowds of men and boys came and sat before the strangers on their curious pads of cassowary feathers. ‘This is Kenakagara,’ they said, ‘and we have plantations of yams, taro, sugar-cane, and bananas down there. We hunt the cassowary and the wild pig.’

‘Can I get to the other side of these mountains?’ asked Chalmers, pointing to the distant ridge.

‘No,’ they answered, ‘the rocks come to an end and if you try to go farther you fall down. But why have you come to visit us?’ they added as if desirous to change the subject.

Chalmers told them.

‘Now, would you be kind to a teacher if I send him to tell you more about the Great Spirit?’ he asked.

‘Yes, yes,’ they shouted. ‘We shall go to-morrow and bring him.’

Tamate smiled at their eagerness and wondered how much of it was caused by the hope of getting tomahawks and salt. Still the district seemed a suitable one for settling a teacher in, and Chalmers determined to explore it thoroughly. One morning he set out for the ‘rocks that came to an end’. It was a wonderful country through which he passed—great masses of rock thrown hither and thither, fantastic in shape and varied in colour, the result of some great earthquake or eruption. Mountains rose on all sides with steep, bare slopes. To climb them was impossible, so Chalmers returned and descended. A river flowed amongst great boulders and lost itself in thick clumps of bush. It reappeared under overhanging cliffs, along which the adventurous Tamate forced his way. Now he was steadying himself on a narrow ledge, the next moment scrambling over rocks on hands and knees. Here was a land as wild as his own native glens.



From Kenakagara, Chalmers and his followers tramped on. In the neighbourhood were several districts with many villages, and these Tamate was very desirous of visiting. The people could not understand his wish in this, neither were they very anxious to do so. They wanted to keep the white man with his precious packages all to themselves.

‘The people will kill you,’ said some, trying to keep him from going farther.

‘You will be eaten by wild beasts,’ urged others. All these excuses had no effect on Tamate. He was out to explore this bit of the country and see for himself the people in their homes.

Again and again in the course of their wanderings the travellers struck the Laroki, which, rising in the Mount Owen Stanley Range, drains the Sogeri district and the plains beyond it. At one point the river came surging and foaming over the rocks and then plunged down many hundreds of feet on to a ledge, breaking into great white streamers that lost themselves in the boiling cauldron below.

At last the long tramp was over, but Chalmers had visited a great part of the country, of which little was known, and found many places suitable for establishing mission stations. He had grown to love the free independent mountaineers with whom he had sojourned for so many weeks, and felt that among them there was a glorious chance of spreading the gospel of Jesus Christ. As he made his way back



to Port Moresby a plan was forming within him. He must have a Training Institution as he had had at Rarotonga in which he could train natives to go forth throughout the island and take the message of God's love to their brethren.

Over the last ridge, down through the forest belt, over the river and across the plain they came. The blue waters of the bay burst upon them. Port Moresby at last ! Tamate was quieter than usual. His brain was busy with his plan.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE PERILS OF THE GULF

It was November 22, 1879. The *Ellangowan* lay off the village of Boera, five miles to the west of Port Moresby. Soon after daybreak a canoe paddled out from the shore, and Piri, a native teacher, stepped on board the steamer. On her deck were two Port Moresby men, well known as skilful pilots, while near the bow squatted three natives from the Silo district far to the west. Presently Tamate appeared, followed by Mr. Beswick, who had recently come out to New Guinea as a missionary. As they chatted, the engines began to throb and the *Ellangowan* moved ahead. They had started on a trip to explore the great Gulf of Papua.

One or two travellers had sailed along its shores, but they had given little information about it, so Chalmers made up his mind to explore it himself. He could not rest till he had surveyed all the places where missionaries and teachers might be settled.

For three days they sailed along the coast, past villages with which they were already familiar, but on November 25 they decided to land at a district known as Maiva, the chief of which was well known

to Chalmers. A boat was lowered and pulled towards the shore.

‘Easy, easy!’ cried Tamate as they neared the line of surf. The rowers stopped pulling and the speed slackened. Tamate’s eye was on a long roller that came shoreward. ‘Now, boys, pull away!’ he shouted as the boat rose on its crest. With the water boiling and hissing round them they were swept towards the beach.

‘Pull! pull!’ urged Tamate, lest they should be drawn back by the suction of the retreating wave. The men bent to their oars. The danger was past. Another minute and the natives were in the water dragging the boat on to the beach at Maiva.

‘Where is my friend Oa?’ shouted Chalmers, naming the chief whom he had met at Port Moresby.

‘He is away hunting, Tamate. You must stay with us till he returns.’

Chalmers was disappointed at the absence of Oa, but his people seemed friendly, and they came and rubbed noses with Tamate. It was not a very pleasant form of greeting, for the paint on their faces was wet and Chalmers got his share of it. Tamate was accustomed to such things, however, and only laughed. When he reached the village he found the houses very clean and well built. They faced the sea, and the largest of them were shaped like an alligator with open mouth. The upper jaw formed a huge protecting shade, while the lower served as

a platform. Some had neat gardens in front, bright with many-hued crotons and glowing hibiscus. They were the best that Chalmers had seen in all his travels in New Guinea.

Soon he was seated on the platform of the *dubu* or sacred place. Round him were grouped feather-decked warriors, and at some distance off stood the women and children. For them to have come nearer would have been a dreadful crime, for no woman, youth, or maiden may enter a *dubu*.

The pipes were lit, and Chalmers proceeded to get some information from his friends.

‘How many villages are in Maiva?’ he asked.

‘Five on the shore, Tamate, and six inland. You must visit them; they are close at hand.’

Chalmers went, and half a mile away found a large population in a hilly but fertile district. They gave him a hearty welcome, for they had heard much of Tamate, the friend of Oa, and Oa was their great chief.

‘We are all friends, Tamate,’ they said, and once more rubbed noses to convince him.

After a time he said he must get back to his boat. There was great disappointment, for they thought he would certainly stay till Oa’s return.

‘I shall come to Maiva again,’ he told them, ‘before many moons have passed.’

Down to the shore he went, followed by an admiring crowd. Presents were exchanged and

lasting friendship pledged. Maiva was a place with a hopeful future.

The natives helped to push the boat through the surf and Tamate returned to the *Ellangowan*. He had done a good morning's work.

Still farther west steamed the little mission vessel, now across a bay, now round a point. At Oiapu the people received the strangers with shouting and clapping of hands, and were sorely disappointed that the visit was such a short one. At Jokea, with its fine plantations of bananas and bread-fruit trees, running back to the hills, no weapons were seen. Three miles farther on a discovery was made. A large river entered the sea. Chalmers named it the Coombes, and decided to ascend it for some distance. The water on the bar was too shallow for the *Ellangowan*, so a boat was launched and they pulled up the stream. On either side there were large swamps, and tangled masses of vegetation hid the country around from their view. From some natives they learned that the Coombes came a long way from the mountains. There were many villages on its banks, and much sago was grown there.

One day they arrived at Motumotu,<sup>1</sup> a large village of which Chalmers had heard much from the Port Moresby people, who go there in their canoes for sago. The natives rushed into the water, and it

<sup>1</sup> Motumotu means many islands, and is the name given by the people around Port Moresby. It is also known as Toaripi.

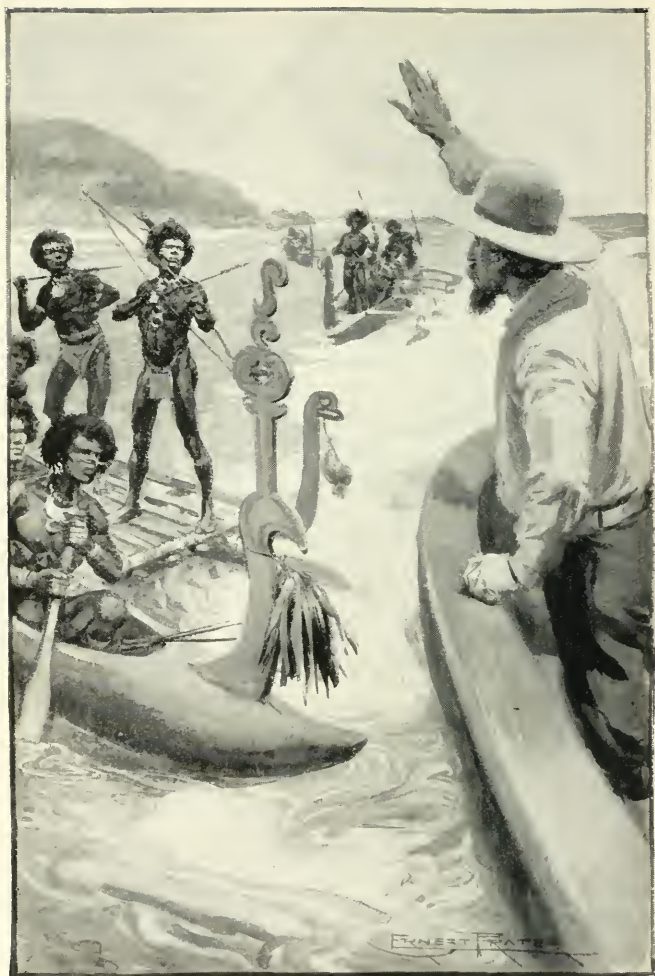
looked as if they intended to carry the boat as well as Chalmers and his friends. The crowd surged round Tamate, and hurried him up through the village to the temple, sacred to the god Semese. Fixed over the entrance was the representation of a mermaid, which the people declared appeared in the sea opposite. Turtle nets, sticks with bunches of empty nuts attached, and drums of bamboo stems were hanging on the walls. A mat was spread on the platform and there Chalmers was made to sit. It was their way of honouring a guest, and Tamate was careful not to hurt their feelings by refusing to carry out their directions. Two priests of Semese were introduced to him.

‘Give us a present,’ they asked blandly. In a land where presents are always given and received the request was not a rude one, and Chalmers at once handed them some beads and cloth. It pleased the people to see their priests honoured by the white man, and ensured a friendly reception when he should again visit Motumotu.

The three Silo natives on board the *Ellangowan* were nearing home now, and the prospect of meeting their friends once more filled them with joy. One afternoon they were keeping watch for the first glimpse of their village, when, suddenly, they scampered down the companion ladder and hid themselves in the sailors’ bunks.

‘Shut the door! Shut the door!’ they shouted.





'I AM TAMATE! IT IS PEACE,' CHALMERS CALLED OUT.



‘The people of Karama are coming. They will kill us all.’

On deck, Chalmers and the captain were watching a number of canoes approaching. They were filled with warriors armed with clubs and bows and arrows. As they drew nearer the men stood up. They were fierce-looking fellows, and those on the steamer saw that they were fitting arrows to their bows. At any moment a shower of those deadly shafts might fall on the travellers.

‘I am Tamate ; it is peace,’ Chalmers called out. The bows were bent and pointed towards him. The *Ellangowan* had stopped, but the captain’s hand was on the engine signal ready for emergencies.

‘Here are some presents,’ continued Tamate. The men of Karama eyed him suspiciously. Their paddles touched the water gently as they slowly drew alongside and took the gifts. Chalmers looked at them, and knew that dark thoughts of mischief were passing through their minds. He glanced significantly to the captain. There was a message to the engineer, and the *Ellangowan* began to move ahead. A shout came from the canoes ; they were following.

‘Full speed ahead !’ came the order. The *Ellangowan* quivered and dashed through the waters, leaving a foaming wake behind her. The Karama men paddled hard for some distance, but the white man’s ship was gaining every moment.

Silo at last ! A triumphal procession passed up the beach and through the village. The three men who had returned to their friends were heroes.

‘ Behold the ship that can go without wind and straight ahead though it is blowing a hard breeze,’ they said as they pointed to the steamer.

‘ Those that have brought us back in safety are great peace chiefs, like the sun in its meridian splendour, and the moon at full when it travels in the zenith.’ The crowd turned to Chalmers and his friends and gazed in wonder. They touched his clothes and felt his boots. When the men would have led him away to the temple the women said :

‘ Let the great white chief sit on the ground that we may see him. We may not go near the temple ; it is *helaga* (sacred).’ So Chalmers sat down while the throng discussed him. He would have no trouble or hesitation in visiting Silo again. His kindness in bringing home the three men would never be forgotten.

‘ Keep away from Orokololo,’ said the Port Moresby natives to Chalmers as the vessel steamed along the coast and drew near to that district.

‘ Not long ago’, they explained, ‘ one of their chiefs sailed on a Boera canoe and was murdered at Maiva. They say the Boera men did it, and they have vowed vengeance. There will be no peace till many heads are brought in as compensation. Tamate, it is not wise to visit Orokololo.’

Chalmers heard them in silence. He was unwilling

to pass by without speaking to the people. There were six large villages with many inhabitants to whom the Gospel must be preached. It was that that always weighed with Chalmers. The danger was nothing to him. His life and those of his friends were in the Master's keeping.

Slowly the *Ellangowan* steamed into the bay and close up to the nearest of the villages. Large double canoes filled with well-armed men came out to meet the vessel. 'Every one keep a sharp look-out,' ordered Tamate as he went forward to hail the natives.

Bows were handled and the men took up their fighting stations on the platforms joining the canoes. 'I come as a friend,' Chalmers explained, 'and have presents for your chiefs.'

There was much talking and wild gesticulating. The hoop-iron and the beads were good, but—their murdered chief must be avenged!

The keen eye of Chalmers saw all that was taking place. Experience had taught him that to force himself upon men in such a mood as these were, was to expose himself and others to needless risks. They had accepted his gifts; they knew his name; they understood he was a man of peace. When in a calmer frame of mind these things would be remembered, and if he should chance to come that way again, there was more likelihood of his getting a kindly welcome.

Beyond Orokolo as far as Bald Head, there were no coast villages, but often inland parties were seen standing on the shore, gazing in amazement at the strange craft gliding swiftly along.

One day some of the crew of the *Ellangowan* went ashore for wood. They had not gone far from the beach when a native stepped out of the bush. By signs he made them understand that they would get wood and coco-nuts if they followed him. They were suspicious and refused to go. He made off, but soon returned accompanied by a band of his fellows. Stealthily they made their way towards the shore.

‘Quick, to the boat,’ shouted the mate of the *Ellangowan*, who had been expecting something of this sort. The natives rushed out of the bush. Across the swamp and over the beach ran the sailors, followed by the howling savages. It was a race for life. The natives gained on them every yard and both parties reached the boat together. There was a sharp struggle for possession. ‘Get her afloat, boys,’ roared the mate above the din. The sailors sprang aboard. One pushed off with an oar, while others sent the natives sprawling into the sand. As they pulled away, an armed party that had remained in hiding sent a shower of arrows after them. Such a narrow escape, you may be sure, made the crew of the *Ellangowan* more cautious than ever when landing on these wild shores.

The Port Moresby pilots knew nothing of the coast beyond Bald Head, so Chalmers was forced to leave a great part of it unvisited at this time. He sailed on to Thursday Island and then returned to Port Moresby, calling at several of the Gulf villages on his way back.

Chalmers was now convinced that, so long as he was young and strong, his work should be that of a forerunner, going here and there, making friends with the people, and thus preparing the way for those who might follow him. It was a rough life, full of hardship and danger, but Tamate loved it. He rejoiced in the thought that to him was given the chance to open up the dark places of New Guinea for the coming of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

On July 31, 1880, Tamate was again on the move, and ten days later reached Manumanu on Redscar Bay. This was one of the places to which some of the first band of Rarotongan teachers had been sent. Sickness fell upon them and some died, while the others were withdrawn to healthier stations.

The old chief Naimi had felt very sore on the point, and when Chalmers arrived he came to him. 'Why, Naimi, are you ill?' asked Tamate as the man sat down shivering, and looking very miserable.

'Yes, very,' he replied. 'Tamate, listen. What have I done that I am thus left out in the cold whilst others are happy? Why have I no teacher? Was I not the first to receive them, and did I not

treat them kindly? When many wished to murder them did I not prevent it?'

'That is true, Naimi, but your place is surrounded with swamp, so that foreigners cannot live here, and during the short time they were here a number died.'

'Listen, Tamate; that was a great year of sickness; we were all sick—young and old; the foreigners came and they became sick too; some died; but have they not died in other places too? This is not so bad a place as you think. Tamate, you must give me a teacher.'

There were tears in the old man's eyes. Tamate had a long chat with him, and Naimi felt no longer left in the cold.

'Naimi,' said Chalmers next morning, 'I am starting for Kabadi. You are my friend; you must come with me.' Naimi needed no second invitation. He was proud to follow the great white chief.

The boat was launched, and with Chalmers and Naimi seated in the stern the party set out. They entered the Aroa, and leaving the Skittle Rocks behind them, sailed up the river. Mangrove and sago-palms grew in the swamps, while crocodiles basked in the sandbanks. Ten miles up, a tributary joined the main stream, and then a better country met the eyes of the travellers. Beautifully kept plantations appeared on either side, and beyond these a stretch of level country running back to the hills. Scattered

about under graceful coco-nut trees were trim houses, their covered verandahs wreathed with vines and flowers. A hollowed-out canoe, skilfully propelled by a dusky savage, dashed across the swift-flowing stream. He gave a startled glance at the strangers and then paddled on to tell his friends. Crowds thronged the banks to look upon the first boat and the first foreigners they had ever seen. Another minute and Chalmers steered for the landing-place. He had reached Kabadi.

## CHAPTER IX

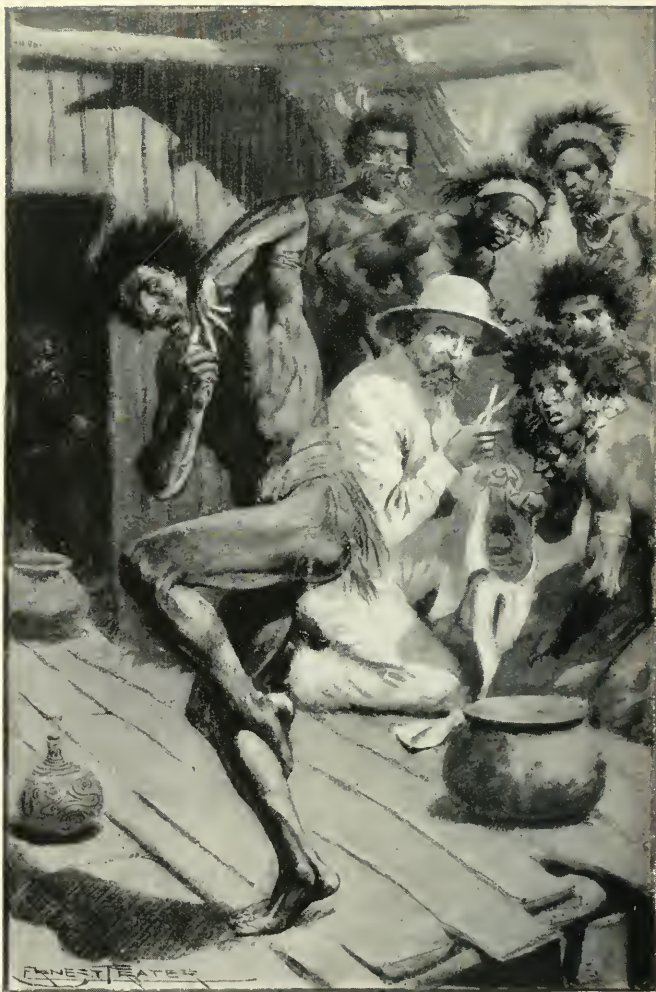
### PREPARING THE WAY

A GROUP of chattering girls stood outside the council-house in one of the Kabadi villages. The foreigners had arrived, and Naimieru, the chief, was entertaining them. His wife had just cooked the meal, and having nothing further to do, she turned to scold the idle crowd for daring to come near the sacred presence of her husband's honoured guests. She had a terrible temper, so they made off down the well-swept street and hid themselves behind the coco-nut and betel-nut trees, whose shade kept the village cool on the hottest days. All the same, they would dearly have loved to know what was taking place within that council-chamber.

Dinner was over, but in the centre of the groups that squatted on the floor the empty dish still remained. Betel-nuts were produced and the lime-gourds passed round. Every man bit off a piece from the nut, and with a stick helped himself to some lime. A smile of satisfaction spread over their faces as they chewed the mixture, now bright pink. Meanwhile Chalmers had opened his travelling-bag. In a moment there was a crowd about him. He took out some pins, a needle, a piece of thread, and a pair







ONE MAN TOOK UP A PIN, AND PRICKED HIMSELF WITH IT.

of scissors. There were shouts of astonishment, for such things had never been seen before. One man took up a pin and pricked himself with it. He threw it down and danced about wildly rubbing his finger.

‘It bites! it bites!’ he cried.

Another big fellow looked at the scissors. Tamate showed him how to use them, but he fled in terror when he saw how they cut.

Then their eyes fell on the case of instruments, which Chalmers always carried with him on his journeys.

‘What does he keep in there?’ they asked a Port Moresby native.

‘These are his things for telling the weather and the height of the mountains.’

They were not very sure about them, but they were curious, so they plucked up courage and came to Tamate. ‘Show us these,’ they said, pointing to the case.

Chalmers unlocked the box and took out his barometer and thermometer. They kept a respectful distance while he tried to explain their uses.

‘But look at this little thing,’ said Tamate as he held up his pocket compass. ‘It tells me in what direction I am going.’ The men advanced cautiously and looked; the needle quivered and swung backwards and forwards.

‘Shut it up! shut it up! Put it away; we shall all be sick,’ they cried in alarm.

The news that a wonderful white man was staying in Kabadi brought many visitors, and Tamate was pressed to come and live at other villages.

‘Some day I shall visit you,’ he said, ‘but now I would speak with you. Sit and listen.’

The palm trees cast a grateful shade, and under these they sat down while Tamate tried to tell them of the great God of Love, Whose servant he was. Some laughed at his story; others looked puzzled. When he prayed they were afraid and ran away. Then he sang a hymn, and as his voice rang out upon the clear air his congregation returned. ‘Sing again, Tamate,’ they cried. They liked the hymns best.

Chalmers was treated with great kindness at Kabadi, and felt quite at his ease among the people. Sometimes he sat on their verandahs, or went with them to their plantations. The young men of the place were great dandies, and spent the forenoons dressing themselves for the afternoon parade. Tamate was often an amused witness of their preparations. First, the strip of bark cloth which served as a suit was adjusted, then came the serious business of painting the faces. Coco-nut shells full of coloured substances, and a mirror, if such a treasure was to be had, were produced. One eye got a yellow circle round it, the other a white one: dots, lines, and triangles covered the cheeks. The nose sticks were carefully adjusted, the shells and feathers

properly placed, the mop-like hair combed and frizzed, and last of all, the whole body smeared with coco-nut oil, and polished.

One day after leaving Kabadi, Chalmers met an Orokolo man. He was a great talker and told Tamate many curious stories. It happened that there was some counting to be done, and he went about it in an unusual way. First he began with the little finger of his left hand, and when he came to the thumb he went up his left arm, over by his neck, ear, eye, and nose to the other side. Down the right arm he passed, counting all the while; then from the thumb to the little finger of his right hand. His arithmetic was not extensive, but it was quite enough to enable him to count his pigs and his yams.

‘If I come to visit Orokolo again,’ said Tamate as they parted, ‘will your people receive me more kindly than they did before?’

‘Receive you? Yes, and with great rejoicing. They will nurse you as their own. Come, Tamate, take me home to Orokolo, and you will see what sort of reception you will get.’

‘Not now, my friend,’ answered Chalmers, ‘but certainly some moons hence. Tell your people.’

The man went on his way and Chalmers continued his journey. He never missed a chance of making friends with a native, and it might be good to have a friend at Orokolo.

Feasting and dancing form a big part of New Guinean life, and one afternoon Chalmers came to a village called Gerise, where they were making ready for much merry-making. Piles of fruits and vegetables lay in front of the houses, and some distance away was a large hole in the ground, lined with small stones. A woman threw some wood on the top of them and rubbed two sticks together till the friction caused a flame. Presently there was a crackling noise, and soon the wood was blazing merrily. Hotter and hotter grew the stones till the fire burned itself out. Back came the woman, and, quickly brushing away the ashes, she spread a layer of leaves on the stones.

‘Now for the bananas!’ shouted the housewife. A great cluster was handed to her, and in a second or two she had arranged them in this strange oven. More leaves were sprinkled on the top, and then supplies of taro, yams, and pig above each other. There was a final covering of leaves, and over all a great pile of earth. The whole looked like a big ant-heap with steam spluttering out of half a dozen holes.

Chalmers had often seen a feast cooked in this way, and he was anxious to push on, for the people were too busy to give him more than a passing attention. Besides, he would come that way again. But Gerise was anxious to show the white man what it could do.

‘Tamate, stay and see the opening dance,’ pleaded a feather-bedecked native. Chalmers was unwilling to disappoint them, and, greatly to their delight, he consented to remain.

There was great excitement and much beating of drums. A great tree stood in the centre of the village. Its branches were hung with rich tropical fruits as a Christmas-tree is hung with toys. Streamers of pandanus leaves and garlands of croton flowers stretched around. The noise of the drums grew louder, and down the open space came a group of girls dressed in coloured fibre skirts, and ornamented with shells and feathers. Men dancers followed, looking very fierce in their feathered head-dress and painted faces. Then the dance began. Louder and louder grew the monotonous beat of the drum, and wilder and wilder the dance. It was not what we would call pretty, but the people shouted with delight. Chalmers would have liked to slip away, but he was never discourteous to his native friends. He was God’s gentleman even to the New Guinean savages.

One day he came into the country of the Koita-puans. He rowed up the Laroki, where it is wide and deep, in a double canoe. After sailing for twenty miles he found himself in a network of lagoons. Beautiful lilies, tinted with blue and white, helped to hide the ugliness of the swamps. Wild ducks and other birds rose in flocks as the travellers approached.



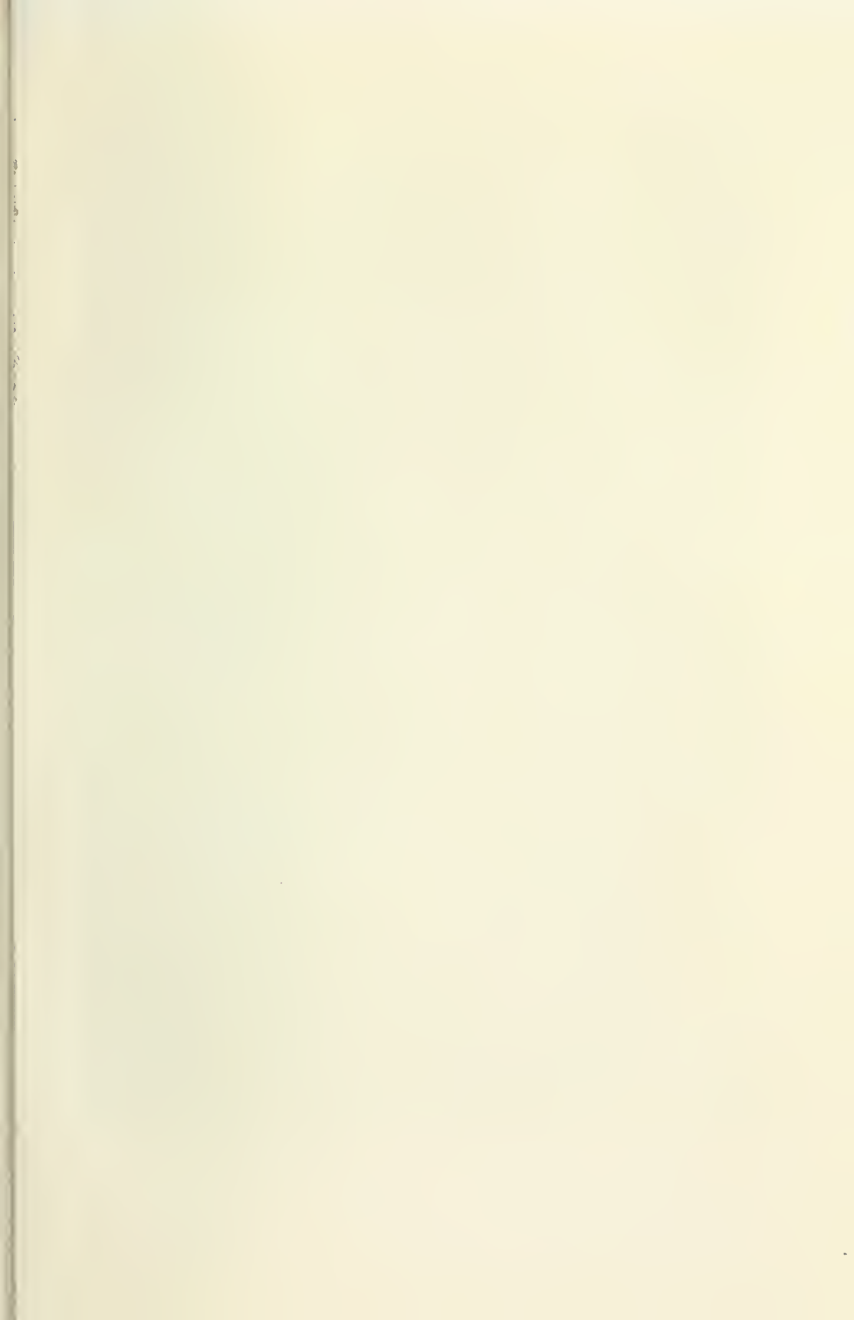
To move ahead was no easy matter, for the vegetation was so thick that paddling was impossible. Poles were used to push the canoe along, and in shallow places the men got out and waded. This was rather dangerous, however, for alligators were numerous. At last, very tired, they reached a miserable village and were given the platform of the *dubu* on which to sleep. They hung their bundles on pegs formed of pigs' jaws, spread their mosquito nets, and lay down to rest. Night came on, with a clear moon shining through the great forest trees. The boards of the sacred place were so uneven that Chalmers could not sleep. To make matters worse, the mosquitoes got in between the planks and gave the travellers a lively time.

At daybreak there was a great stir in the village. Conch shells were blown, and there was much shouting. A crowd carrying two pigs and supplies of fruits advanced and laid them in front of the platform where Chalmers sat.

'Tamate,' said one of the natives who had been chosen to make the presentation, 'we have brought you a present. Our pigs are good; our yams and our sugar-canes are sweet. Let the great white chief and his friends eat. We doubted what had been told us of your greatness. Now, we see for ourselves and are lost in wonder.'

The old chief stepped forward. Earthenware pots were produced at his bidding, fires were lit, and







CHALMERS SANG 'AULD LANG SYNE' AND MADE THE  
COMPANY JOIN HANDS AT THE SECOND VERSE.

cooking proceeded. Tamate came down from the platform and mingled with the throng. As in other places, his boots puzzled them.

‘They are part of his skin,’ said one man.

‘But why are his feet black and his arms white?’ questioned another. No one could solve the mystery. To please them Chalmers sang ‘Auld Lang Syne’ and made the company join hands at the second verse. The younger Koitapuans screamed with delight, while the older ones rocked with laughter. In all their lives they had never seen anything so funny.

Wherever Tamate went they followed him, and at night a great crowd stood around while he conducted service. He could not speak their dialect, but one of his followers knew a little of it, so in very halting sentences the message of God’s love was given to the people. Then Chalmers passed on; others would follow: meanwhile, he was preparing the way and dropping here and there the seed of God’s Word as he went.

In New Guinea the rain-maker is a very important person, for he is believed to have full power in causing or withholding the rain. Now, it happened that once when Tamate was about to start for Namoa he met a rain-maker.

‘I’m afraid it will rain before our return,’ said Chalmers, as he glanced at the dark clouds creeping down from the hills.

'Tamate, it cannot rain,' said a woman sitting near him.

'Why not?'

'Kone, the rain-maker, is with us, and he alone has power.'

'Where is he?' asked Chalmers.

A tall, handsome man was pointed out to him. His bushy hair was adorned with feathers; a shell frontlet bound his forehead; a stick, pointed at both ends, pierced his nose; his face was streaked with colour; a string of boars' tusks hung from his neck, and shell ornaments decorated his arms.

'Kone, my friend, what about the rain?' asked Tamate.

'It cannot rain to-day; do not be afraid.'

'But I think it will rain this afternoon, and I am not very sure of going to Namoa.'

'You need not fear. I shall go with you, so let us start.'

Off they went, Kone talking all the while of his powers as a rain-maker.

'But, Kone,' said Chalmers, 'it is the Great Spirit of Love that sends the rain.'

Kone did not believe that, but as they tramped along Tamate spoke to him of the God Who made heaven and earth and watches over all His creatures.

The rain-maker was interested but unconvinced. A few drops pattered down.

'Now, Kone, what did I tell you. See, it will rain.'

Kone looked angry.

‘Rain, stay on the mountains,’ he shouted.

‘No use, Kone,’ said Chalmers, ‘rain will come.’

Down it came in torrents, but the rain-maker was ready with an explanation.

‘You are a great chief and so am I, but the rain has listened to you.’

‘Come, my friend, you are wrong. Remember what I have been telling you of the great God and His power.’

Kone only laughed, and, whatever his thought on the rain, he certainly looked on Tamate as a wonderful man and became great friends with him.

There was a long-standing promise between Tamate and Oa that the missionary should visit him at Maiva. Anxious to keep his word to the chief, Chalmers started for Oa’s village. While on the way news came that Oa had died rather suddenly. When Tamate’s boatmen heard this they were afraid to go farther.

‘We shall be blamed for Oa’s death,’ they lamented.

‘We must go back or we shall all be killed.’

Chalmers found that at times it was necessary to be very firm.

‘I have promised to go to Oa’s village and I must go,’ he said sternly. They knew enough of Tamate to understand that this was final, so they took up their oars and pulled on.

It was raining heavily when he arrived, but in spite of the wet a great crowd awaited his coming. Paru, the brother of Oa, came running to meet him, and, taking him by the hand, led him into the house of the dead chief.

‘He is buried there,’ said Paru, pointing to the centre of the dwelling. ‘Tamate, you were Oa’s friend ; sit on the mat while we weep.’

Chalmers sat down on Oa’s grave while loud cries of grief filled the house. Men and women beat their breasts, tore their hair, and cut themselves with shells, swaying backwards and forwards all the time.

‘Whose was the arm that gave us to sleep in peace?’ chanted one group of women.

‘Oa, the man of war ; Oa, the man of might ; his was the arm,’ sang the others in reply. So the mourning went on, now loud, now low and plaintive.

At last it was over. Tamate had done honour to the dead chief. He placed a present on the grave and went out. Oa’s son, Meauri, left his place at the foot of the grave and came after Chalmers.

‘Tamate,’ he said, ‘you must take my father’s place in the *dubu* to-night. He spoke much of you before his death, and wondered why you had never come. See, there it is through the trees. I cannot enter till the days of mourning are ended.’

Chalmers made his way across the village. The *dubu* was a huge one, and only lately finished. The

thatching came right down to the ground, while the entrance was shaded with a thick curtain of sago-palm leaves, split into fine shreds. There were no windows, but near the door were several holes in the thatch to allow the smoke of the fires to escape. Carved posts placed along the sides supported the walls. Each was named after a chief. As Chalmers entered he was shown Oa's pillar, which occupied the place of honour near the door.

'He carved this crocodile upon it with the tomahawk you gave him at Port Moresby,' said a warrior.

Chalmers looked at the carving wrought by the dead chief. How patiently he had chipped at it with his one tool! And what name do you think Oa had given to his post? Not the name of a great ancestor, but that of his friend—Tamate! Surely this was a striking proof of the love which the great Maiva chief bore towards the Christian missionary! It was the greatest honour the dead warrior could pay him. So James Chalmers slept by Oa's post and thanked God for the warm-hearted devotion of a savage chief. The way was being prepared at Maiva.

## CHAPTER X

### THE PEACEMAKER

THERE was fear in the hearts of the people at Port Moresby. The men of Motumotu were preparing to attack Kabadi and ravage the Motuan coast.

‘Tell Tamate,’ they were reported to have said, ‘that we will kill him and his teachers, and then plunder every village.’

Chalmers heard the news unmoved. He made up his mind that this thing should not be.

‘I shall visit Motumotu and beard the lion in his den,’ he said. It was a bold thing to do, and all the more venturesome seeing that it was the month of January, when the storms of wind and rain are at their worst in the Gulf of Papua.

He got his open boat ready, and sent word to Piri, at Boera, to prepare the whaleboat and meet him there. But no crew would venture with him. No sooner did he persuade men to join him than their friends did all they could to prevent their going. Tamate grew impatient. Every day’s delay meant less chance of good weather, and gave the Motu-motuels the opportunity of beginning their raid.



He had prayed over it, and felt that God meant him to go, so he redoubled his efforts. The first three New Guinean converts had been baptized a few days before, and one of them, Hua, came to Chalmers.

‘Tamate, I shall go with you,’ he said. The Spirit that has watched over you in the past will do so now.’

Gradually the old confidence in Chalmers returned to the timid Motuans, and his crew was completed.

The starting signal was hoisted on the mast. A crowd gathered to see the voyagers off.

‘We shall never behold our dear ones again,’ they wailed. ‘Tamate, it is death to all of you,’ they declared, with tears running down their cheeks.

Much more of this would have unnerved the crew, and Chalmers was heartily glad when the oars struck the water and the boat glided swiftly out of the bay.

At Boera, Piri was waiting in the whaleboat with a fine sturdy crew. With a shout they welcomed their comrades and pulled alongside.

‘Ready, boys,’ said Chalmers. The oars flashed as they dipped into the clear waters. They were fairly started for far-off Motumotu.

Across the gulf the sun went down: darkness fell, and a clear moon gleamed upon the sea. A light breeze blew off the shore, and as the rowers bent to their oars they chanted a song. Then Chalmers told them a story and sang a hymn. It cheered the men and banished their fears. On they

went till early morning, when they anchored for a few hours' sleep. When they awoke the weather had changed, and the boats rocked wildly in the fast-rising sea. An effort was made to get round a cape, but the waves were breaking over their frail craft, and Tamate ordered them to turn and land at a village.

Chalmers did not like to do this, for he knew that his men would mingle with the natives, who would frighten them with all kinds of stories of the dreadful things that would happen to them if they went on. Still, in such a raging sea it would have been madness to continue on his course. As he had expected, the Port Moresby men came to him in a short time.

'Tamate, the bad weather has set in,' they said; 'the winds and the rains are here: we cannot go on.'

He did not scold them, but replied quite gently to them:

'Think, my children, of the disgrace. We started to go to Motumotu, and at the first breath of contrary wind we put back! It must not be. Let us try it a little longer, and if the wind increâses we can return, and not feel so ashamed.'

Chalmers could not have chosen a better way of getting them to go on. They were very proud, and hated to be laughed at by their friends. They must not disgrace themselves, whatever happened.

'You are right,' they said, after a little thought. 'We shall go on with you.'

By evening the wind had died down, and just before sunset they took their places in the boats and started once more. When they came to Delena a great welcome awaited them.

‘We are glad you are going to Motumotu,’ they said. ‘Tamate is with you, so peace will be made.’

There was much feasting on shore, and as the men from Chalmers’s boats sat among the Delena people, laughing and talking, they forgot their fears.

‘Tamate, when you want to start,’ they cried, ‘call out; you will see us gladly spring into the water.’

One morning, when nearing the end of their journey, a large Motumotu canoe was seen bearing down upon them. Chalmers wondered what would happen.

‘Come alongside,’ he shouted boldly.

The paddling stopped, and there was some talking among the Motumotians. Evidently they were afraid to come nearer.

‘It is peace,’ called Tamate. The paddles dipped lightly, and the canoe drifted closer. There were shouts of recognition. They knew the Port Moresby men as friends, so all was well. One man, however, was unknown to them. He was Bob Samoa, a trusted friend of Tamate in many of his journeys, and it was necessary that Bob’s friendship should be secured. The principal man in the canoe stood up, rubbed noses with him, and handed him his lime gourd.

‘Show it to my father at Motumotu,’ he said, ‘and he will receive you as a friend.’

‘But will your people make peace with the Motuans?’

‘Gladly, Tamate, if you visit them. We have no *uros*,<sup>1</sup> for the trading canoes came not last season because of the quarrel with us.’

Such an announcement made Chalmers very hopeful of the success of his mission, and with the weather continuing wonderfully fine for the time of the year, he pushed on. At length he came to Lese, which is quite close to Motumotu. An excited crowd appeared on the beach and canoes put off from the shore, but Chalmers bade them keep back till he landed.

‘Where is Eeka?’ he called out, as he jumped into the water and waded ashore.

A very old man walked into the sea and, taking Chalmers by the hand, led him up the beach. Piri and some of the crew followed with an ever-increasing crowd in attendance. Suddenly there was a great deal of talking, and an elderly man rushed forward and seized Chalmers roughly by the hand. The man was in a towering passion.

‘I am Semese, Tamate, the chief to whom you gave a present when you were last here. Eeka has

<sup>1</sup> Earthenware pots made by the women around Port Moresby and taken westward along the Gulf Coast every year, where they are exchanged for sago.

no right to take you away. Mine is the right. I am your friend.'

Chalmers saw that he must humour the chief, as a quarrel might have a bad effect on his peace efforts.

'Piri,' he called to the Boera teacher, 'go with Eeka as your friend: give him a present: it is all right. I go with Semese.'

Eeka was quite pleased at the prospect of a present, and Semese, wreathed in smiles, led Tamate to the platform of his house.

'You must wait till I kill a pig.'

'But, Semese,' protested Chalmers, 'I must push on to Motumotu, for I am afraid of the weather becoming bad.'

'Motumotu to-morrow: Lese to-day: you must have a pig.'

'Leave the pig for another time,' suggested Chalmers. It was no use: he had to stay.

The people of Lese were in the best of humour and did all they could to please their guests. Chalmers took advantage of the prevailing good feeling, and had a talk with the chief men on the peace question.

'We want peace, Tamate,' they said. 'Your visit means peace with all the coast villages.'

'You promise that?'

'It is a promise, Tamate.'

Chalmers was much heartened, and felt that, if

only Motumotu would consent to peace, the men of Lese would keep their word. That night the little band gathered for prayer. The old Port Moresby chief thanked God for His care over them during their voyage, and asked a blessing on the work that lay before them in the coming days. Chalmers stood by with bowed head and great joy in his heart. It was worth leaving home and kindred to hear this once savage chief praying earnestly to God.

Motumotu at last ! The news that Tamate was coming had reached them. Men, women, and children came down to the shore. A chief waded into the water.

‘Come with peace from afar,’ he shouted. ‘Come, friends, and you will meet us as friends.’

The boats were pulled up the river and anchored near the eastern bank, close to the village. Great excitement prevailed.

‘Tamate is a great chief,’ they said, ‘for he has travelled a long way in a moon (month) in which neither we nor our forefathers ever travelled.’

Chalmers was glad he had risked the voyage. Like other people, the Motumotuanes respected a brave man.

The chief, Rahe, led him to his *dubu*, and gave him to understand that he must make it his headquarters while at Motumotu. This was just what Chalmers wanted, for it enabled him to mix freely

with the principal men. Though he was unarmed, and in the midst of savages who might at any moment have taken his life, he felt no fear. As they sat around they plied him with questions about his skin, his clothes, and his country. Rahe was specially anxious for a supply of 'boat medicine'.

'What do you mean, Rahe?' asked Tamate.

'I want you to give me some of that medicine you use to make your boat sail,' replied the chief.

'I use no medicine, only strong Motu arms.'

'You could never have come along at this season without medicine.'

'We have no medicine, Rahe, and have come along well.'

The chief was disappointed. No boat medicine! Then Tamate must indeed be a mighty chief!

One morning Rahe brought a little brown baby to Chalmers. He was very proud of it, and Tamate knew from his face that he had something of importance to tell him.

'Tamate, you have not asked his name,' said Rahe impatiently.

'Well, what is his name?' asked Chalmers.

'Tamate!' responded Rahe, his face wreathed in smiles. Chalmers had to thank the chief for the honour of a nameson in the usual way, but it sadly reduced his stock of presents. However, Rahe was greatly delighted, and Tamate was sure of his friendship.

One day there was a gathering of the chief men in the district, and Chalmers made up his mind to put the question of peace before them. He had had several talks on the matter with one or two men before this, and now wanted a definite answer from those who had the power of making peace or war.

Around him were the fiercest men in the Papuan Gulf, men whom no enemy had ever dared to attack, and whose boast was that they killed and plundered their fellow creatures. To ask these men to give up that in which they most delighted was a big venture. If he succeeded, it meant peace and happiness along a great stretch of the Gulf, and an open way for Tamate and the Gospel; if he failed—his influence would be gone.

He knew all this as he glanced round his audience, who sat smoking their pipes and chewing their betelnut.

‘Friends,’ said Tamate at length, ‘it is true I have come a long way to see you, in a moon when no one ever ventured to come before.’

Grunts of approval resounded through the *dubu*.

‘I was warned not to come, for the men of Motu-motu had sworn to kill me. I did not believe it, so I came, and we are friends.’

‘It is true, Tamate; it is true,’ they cried.

‘Very well, then; whoever is your friend is my friend, and whoever is my friend is also yours.’

‘It is right, Tamate,’ came the response.



Chalmers paused. His bead-like eyes were on the Motumotuans.

‘Kabadi is my friend, you must not go there again.’

The supreme moment had arrived. It was his will or the will of the savages that must prevail. Unflinchingly Chalmers stood waiting the issue.

‘Speak, Rahe. Is it peace?’

‘It is all right, Tamate : it is peace ; we will not go again to Kabadi.’

So the peacemaker triumphed, and all along the coast there spread the glad news.

‘Tamate has been to Motumotu and there is peace.’

## CHAPTER XI

### 'PEPPER AND SALT'

'We want men who will thoroughly enjoy all kinds of roughing it, . . . who will look on all that comes as only the pepper and salt giving zest to work and creating the appetite for more.'

JAMES CHALMERS.

TAMATE was building a house at Delena. On the hill behind the village, Kone, the rain-maker, had given him a piece of land, and with the help of the natives the house was almost completed. Close by were the tents in which Chalmers and his men slept and kept their stores. One day Tamate noticed that the Delena people were unwilling to work and seemed very frightened.

'Why are you afraid?' he asked.

'Oh, Tamate,' they replied, 'the Lolo tribe are preparing to make a raid on us. You must use your guns, and frighten them away.'

'We cannot do so,' said Chalmers, 'because we are men of peace and have no wish to frighten any one.'

The day passed, and as night drew near the women carried off their valuables and hid them in the bush. An old woman toiled along under the weight of





THE CRADLE.

*Photo by H. M. Launcey.*

her cooking pots ; a young girl ran past with her bag of ornaments ; a mother, with her baby asleep in its banana-net cradle on her back, cast anxious glances to right and left as she sought a place of safety. The men got their arms ready, and Tamate prepared his camp in case of attack. Lights were placed beyond the tents so that any one approaching would be seen.

‘Whoever comes near’, said Tamate, ‘must call out my name and his or her own.’

Then he rolled himself in his camp blanket, closed his eyes, and tried to sleep. By the tent door his faithful dog kept watch.

Midnight passed, and about two in the morning there was a woman’s terrified cry. Tamate was on his feet in a second. The chief’s wife, trembling in every limb, was leading her grandchild by the hand into the camp.

‘The Loloans are here, Tamate,’ she panted.

‘All right,’ he cried, coming out from his tent, ‘we are ready.’

He went down the hill to the village and found the men very much excited.

‘Tamate,’ said Kone, ‘they are going to kill you first and then all of us in Delena.’

‘Very well, Kone, tell the Loloans that any of them coming near the camp with arms will be looked upon as an enemy.’

Chalmers slowly mounted the hill.

Weeping children and wailing women were crowding into the camp, begging for protection.

‘We shall do all we can for you,’ said Tamate bravely.

It was daylight now, and up the hill came the noise of shouting and cries of terror. The Loloans were in the village and had begun the attack. Presently, Delena natives rushed towards the tents.

‘Come down, Tamate, come down!’ they called in fear, ‘come down and fight for us.’

Samoa Bob was standing beside Chalmers.

‘Bob,’ he said quietly, ‘look after the camp,’ and the next moment Tamate was striding down the hill unarmed.

Into the thick of the *mêlée* he elbowed his way, his tall figure rising above the struggling New Guineans.

‘Maino! (peace) Maino!’ he shouted.

The Loloans fell back as the white stranger forced himself between them and their foes. In a twinkling he had wrenched the spears from several men, Loloans and Delenans alike.

‘There is Arua, the chief,’ whispered Kone, as he pointed out a painted Loloan. Chalmers recognized him as a man who had once treated him very rudely and threatened his life.

‘Now’, thought Tamate, ‘is his time to pay me out.’

But Chalmers had already found more than once

the effect of a bold deed. Without a word he stepped up to the chief, seized his weapons, linked his arm into his, and before Arua could recover from his surprise he was walking up the hill with Tamate.

‘Do you see that flag, Arua?’ said Chalmers, kindly.

Above the camp floated the Union Jack.

‘It is maino; you must not come near it and fight.’

‘It is all right, Tamate,’ he replied meekly, ‘we shall stop fighting.’

Chalmers went back to his tent, laid aside his sun-helmet, and coolly began to make an entry in his diary.

In a few minutes there was frantic shouting. ‘Tamate! Tamate! They are going to kill Kone.’

Chalmers threw down his diary, rushed bare-headed into the burning sun, and then headlong down the hill. Strengthened by fresh arrivals the Loloans had renewed the battle. Once more Tamate was in the thick of the fight. Spears and sticks rattled round him. A stick struck him on the head and another on the hand. He was in a tight corner, but he trusted firmly in the power of One Who is never far off. Arua pushed towards him.

‘We will not come up the hill, Tamate,’ he said, and then added defiantly, ‘but you had better not interfere with us here.’

‘Right, friend; but you must stop; and on no account injure my friend Kone,’ retorted Chalmers

There was a lull in the struggle. One old man; Lavao, dragged Tamate to the outskirts of the crowd. Once again he had escaped death.

That night Chalmers had a meeting with both parties.

‘We cannot stay if there is to be fighting, nor shall I visit Lolo unless there is peace.’

The Delena people wanted Tamate to stay; the Loloans thought of the presents they would lose if the white man did not come to them. Peace was declared. The Loloans got into their canoes and paddled off, while the people of Delena slept in peace.

‘Well, Tamate,’ they said when it was all over, ‘if you had not been here, many of us would have been killed, and the remainder gone to Naara never to return.’

The village fight had made Tamate a hero in the eyes of Delena.

From Delena Chalmers sailed to Maiva and then back to Port Moresby. Mr. and Mrs. Lawes had returned from their holiday in England, so Tamate was free to set off on longer journeys than had been possible when he was in full charge of the mission.

Towards the end of October he got the *Mayri* ready for another voyage. This time he was going to Elema, which lies between Motumotu and Orokololo on the western shores of the Gulf of Papua. He took on board, in addition to the usual supplies of



food and presents, fifty large earthenware cooking pots to be exchanged for sago when he got to the sago districts. The whaleboat, which Chalmers used for ascending rivers and working along parts of the coasts where it was dangerous to take a larger vessel, was lying at Delena, so the *Mayri* called there first. Kone, the rain-maker, was to be waiting to come on board, for Chalmers wanted to take him with him, as he was well known and well liked by the people right along the coast as far as Bald Head.

The day after leaving Port Moresby the *Mayri* anchored off Delena. A boat came out and Chalmers noticed that several of the men wore strips of native cloth over their heads, which he knew was a sign of mourning. They drew nearer, but there was none of the usual loud talking, while on their faces was a sorrowful look. Tamate felt there was something wrong, and he missed Kone amongst those in the boat.

‘Where is my friend Kone?’ he called out.

There was silence as they looked one to another, and then Lavao, who, you remember, saved Tamate’s life in the Delena fight, spoke :

‘Oh, Tamate, Kone, your friend, is dead.’

‘Dead, Lavao?’ exclaimed Chalmers, stunned by the news.

‘Yes, Kone is dead, and we buried him in your ground near your house.’

‘Did Kone die of sickness?’

‘No, Tamate, he was speared by Laoma. After you left there was a feast at Delena. Kone and others were there, also some Naara natives. At night Laoma came to kill a Naara man. When he was about to throw a spear, Kone caught the Naara man and placed him behind him, the spear entering his own body. We carried him home, and on the second moon he died.’

So Kone, the rain-maker, had laid down his life—not for a friend—but for an enemy! Chalmers was deeply moved. He went ashore, and climbing the hill came to the spot where a few months before his tent had been pitched. A rudely constructed house of leaves and branches marked the place, and within Kone slept in a hero’s grave.

‘My poor Kone!’ wrote Chalmers in his journal that night, with an outburst of feeling to which he seldom gave way. ‘The kindest savage I have ever met. How anxious he was to be taught and to know how to pray! I taught him to say, “God of love, give me light; lead me to Christ.” Who will deny that my wind- and rain-making friend has passed from this darkness into the light that he prayed for?’

On sailed the *Mayri*, past Maiva and beyond Motumotu, till one evening she arrived off the mouth of the Annie River, which falls into the sea at Vailala. It was a bad place for anchoring, and in the gathering darkness it was rather risky to attempt



KONE CAUGHT THE NAARA MAN AND PLACED HIM BEHIND HIM, THE SPEAR ENTERING HIS OWN BODY.



crossing the sandy bar and searching for a safe anchorage. Chalmers was wondering what he should do when his eye caught sight of a red flag on the eastern bank. It was a signal that his Port Moresby friends, who were then trading in the west, were there expecting him.

‘We’ll risk the bar,’ he said to his men, ‘and our friends are sure to take us to a safe place.’

The *Mayri* was put about. Her sails filled and she began to move through the water. There was a line of breaking surf, but Chalmers knew the channel. On came the *Mayri*.

‘Steady at that,’ shouted Tamate. The man at the helm held on tightly.

‘Luff a bit,’ came the order. The bow of the *Mayri* swung into the wind. Round her the water hissed and foamed. A moment more and she was over the bar safe in the sheltered waters of the river. Cautiously they made their way through the darkness. Lights gleamed ahead. They belonged to the canoes of the Port Moresby people. Soon they descried the *Mayri*, and surrounded her with shouts of welcome.

‘We want a safe anchorage,’ Tamate called out. A score of voices answered, and it was difficult to know in what direction to steer. At last, after a good deal of manœuvring, the anchor was dropped close to the village.

‘Come, Tamate,’ they said, when Chalmers had

made all snug on board, 'you must visit our *lakatoi*.' <sup>1</sup> Chalmers got into a boat and was piloted up the river. Fire-flies flitted past; lights glittered on the water, and strange birds, scared by the sound of voices, rose screaming in their flight.

'Well,' said Tamate as they glided along, 'have you services on the *lakatoi*, and do you remember the Sabbath when you are here?'

'Do you think, Tamate, we forget? We have observed every Sabbath, and every morning and evening we have services, and never omit to ask a blessing on our food.'

'Who conducts the services?'

'Aruataera and Paeau,' was the reply.

Aruataera was the first baptized native in New Guinea, and Paeau was a blind boy.

The *lakatoi* was reached. Fires were burning brightly, and Tamate sat down on a mat spread for him by the captain. For a time they chatted, and then Aruataera called for silence. It was the hour of evening prayer. Tamate sat and listened to the simple worship of the New Guinean Christians. The dancing firelight cast its glow on their earnest upturned faces. How strange sounded the old hymns and the child-like prayers on that far-off tropical river!

<sup>1</sup> A *lakatoi* is made by lashing several canoes together. It is on vessels thus constructed that the Port Moresby natives make their annual voyage to the west for sago.

‘Could I help giving God thanks?’ wrote Chalmers. ‘The sorrows and trials, the hardships and the tears of the past are far more than rewarded.’

Sabbath came, and Chalmers was puzzled how, without calendars, his friends knew one day of the week from another.

‘Tell me, Aruataera,’ he asked, ‘how you know this is the Sabbath?’

Aruataera produced a piece of string.

‘See, Tamate,’ he said, ‘every morning since leaving Port Moresby I have tied a knot on this. I count six knots and then the seventh one is the Sabbath.’

One day Chalmers went into a temple floored with sago-palm bark. Large wicker-work frames were standing about, and, hanging near them, hideous masks and head-dresses. They were painted in bright colours, and some were shaped like a crocodile’s head.

‘What are these?’ he asked, pointing to the frames.

‘At sacred seasons the great spirit Semese resides in them. We deck them with feathers and crown them with head-dresses in his honour. All the men hang their ornaments outside then and stay in the *dubu* for five moons. No one shows himself outside, for we are *helaga*. When the time is past there is a feast and a dance.’

One active young fellow offered to show Tamate

the Semese dance. He put a mask over his face and took a bamboo drum in his hand. First he went gracefully forward, then backwards; from right to left and from left to right; next he took a few steps holding the right foot to the left knee, then left foot to right knee; suddenly a whirl round and round, and finally a shout. All the time he had been beating his drum wildly.

Leaving Vailala, Chalmers set out to visit the cannibal villages beyond Orokolo. The coast was much too dangerous for the *Mayri*, so he left her anchored in the Annie River and started in the whale-boat. Bad weather overtook them, and in their open boat they were soaked again and again by the heavy seas that broke over her. So stormy did it become that very unwillingly Tamate had to give up all thoughts of going farther. The boat was put about and a course shaped for Vailala.

One wild night they were beating eastward and making very little progress. The waves leaped higher and higher, and Tamate had to choose between remaining at sea in the storm or risking a landing. He scanned the shore anxiously, but everywhere was an unbroken line of surf. At last, one place looked a little quieter than the others. He stood well into the shore until the breakers were reached.

‘Lower away!’ he shouted. Down came sail and mast.

‘Out oars, boys, and pull hard.’







CHALMERS IN A NATIVE CANOE.

The boat went speeding along on the crest of the waves. They were near the beach now. A giant roller swept up behind them. Up went the stern and round spun the boat. She was broadside on, and the crew jumped up in alarm, knowing that the next wave would overturn their craft.

'Down, boys, down,' ordered Chalmers, realizing the danger. 'Pull seawards; pull hard.'

The oars struck the water not a moment too soon. The boat was ready for the next wave and was once more borne shorewards. Natives on the beach had been watching the struggle, and rushing into the surf dragged the boat beyond the reach of the breakers.

For the next few days Chalmers was obliged to tramp through districts that he knew little about. He was anxious to reach a place called Haru, where lived a chief named Aveo. Some years before this Aveo had been entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Lawes. He had never forgotten that visit.

'I see it all again, Tamate—Misi Lao's house, the lights, the pictures, the sitting at table, the kind words they said to me. Tamate, do tell Misi Lao to come in a big ship and I shall fill it with sago for him.'

His gratitude was very real, and because Tamate was Misi Lao's friend he could not do enough for him. There was abundance of food, fish, and coconuts provided, and the honour of a pig specially killed for the white man and his friends.

Now, Aveo had a great reputation as a sorcerer, and was said to possess 'wonderful things' that made thunder and lightning and wind and rain. Chalmers made up his mind that he would see Aveo's 'things', but when he broached the subject the sorcerer refused point-blank:

'Tamate, you are now my friend, and if I showed you those things you would die, as no one but myself must see them.'

Chalmers laughed at the idea, but Aveo was perfectly sure something dreadful would happen if strange eyes gazed upon his sacred 'things'.

'You may let him see them,' said a Motuan standing by, 'as they will have no effect upon him: he goes everywhere, sees everything, and he is all right.'

'I fear,' said Aveo, with a long sigh, 'but I shall think about it.'

Night came and Chalmers turned into his hammock swung on the platform of a *dubu*. It was very close and hot, so that sleep was almost impossible. Presently there was a creaking of the boards on the platform, and a dark figure glided to where Chalmers lay.

'Tamate, are you asleep?' came a faint whisper.

'No, I am not. Is it you, Aveo?'

'Yes—do you really want to see those things?'

'Of course I do.'

'You won't die or get sick after you have seen them?'

‘Certainly not.’

‘I am afraid, greatly afraid, but come with me.’

Stealthily they crept through the sleeping village to the end house. Aveo entered and cautiously led Tamate into a very small room in which burned a fire. Hanging on the wall was a dirty, netted bag, which the chief took down. His hands were trembling.

‘Oh, Tamate, this must be enough. You will die, and what then shall I do?’

‘No, Aveo, I shall not die, so fear not.’

Out of the bag he drew a parcel wrapped round with yards of twine made from coco-nut fibre. Slowly and deliberately Aveo unwound it. Chalmers looked on interestedly, expecting to behold the sacred treasures. The string fell to the floor, and then began the slow unfolding of great pieces of native cloth. Bit by bit it came away, but nothing appeared. Chalmers began to think the whole thing was a hoax and gave the smouldering fire a kick. Up leaped the flames. Aveo’s cheeks were wet with tears.

‘Oh, Tamate, you will die,’ he said in great distress.

‘No, Aveo, no; I am all right; go on.’

The last wrapping was cast aside, and on the mat Aveo carefully placed two little wooden dolls and a piece of wood ornamented with feathers and shaped like an Indian club.

‘Behold the maker of heaven and earth, of

thunder and lightning, of the north-east and north-west winds !' said Aveo in awestruck tones.

'Well, Aveo,' said Tamate coolly, 'and how is the thunder managed ?

The sorcerer placed the dolls side by side, and held up the bit of wood.

'Now it will thunder,' he declared solemnly.

The position of the figures was changed and the wood held a different way.

'The wind will blow from the south-east.'

'Aveo,' broke in Tamate, 'will you sell these to me ?'

There was a look of horror on the chief's face.

Sell his gods that had been handed down from generation to generation ! Never ! never ! never !

'Very well, Aveo,' returned Chalmers. 'Keep them safe for me. Some day, if we are spared, you will think little of them, and I shall buy them from you then.'

Aveo stared at his guest in amazement. Tamate hardly noticed him, for his eyes were filled with the vision of Elema won for Christ.

## CHAPTER XII

### AFLOAT ON A *LAKATOI*

SUCH excitement there was in Port Moresby one morning towards the end of 1882 ! On the shore was a great crowd of men and women and boys and girls, all chattering yet apparently very happy. The children jumped about and clapped their hands in glee, while anxious mothers and fathers arranged the feathers in their children's hair and placed their necklaces in proper position. Everything had to be in its right place, for was it not a great day in Port Moresby—the day of the first school picnic that had ever been held in New Guinea ?

Sails were being hoisted on the canoes, and bags of provisions stowed into every available corner. Then the boys and girls scrambled on board, some of them nearly upsetting the frail craft in their haste. The older people followed ; paddles were taken up ; farewells shouted to those remaining behind, and the merry party was fairly started.

Outside the mission house three horses stood saddled, ready for the road. Presently Mr. and Mrs. Lawes came out and mounted. A minute later, Tamate followed and leaped lightly into his saddle.

Off they trotted along the path above the shore. They could see the canoes speeding along, and faintly hear the sound of children's voices as they sang a hymn they had been taught in school. The sun was exceedingly hot, so they let their horses go along easily. The canoes would reach their destination before the riders, but Tamate and his friends would be in good time for the festivities. On they jogged for a few miles, till they came to an open part of the shore where the beach shone in its dazzling whiteness.

The canoes had been drawn up beyond reach of the water. In the bush behind, men were busy clearing a space and spreading banana leaves over the ground. The women had lighted fires, and already cooking was in progress. Such a din there was on the shore! A score of little dusky Papuans raced backwards and forwards. Others ran in and out the water, splashing and knocking each other down. They did not need to care how they rolled and tumbled about, for they had no clothes to spoil! Tamate stood and watched them. Though his hair was beginning to turn grey his heart was as boyish as ever, so he said at last, with a sparkle in his eye and a smile on his kindly face, 'Just you wait a bit. I'm coming to join in the fun.'

In a few minutes there he was, romping through the waves. He dived under the water, swam a few strokes, and caught a little fellow by the foot. Over he went, wondering what had happened. Up he



came, spluttering and shaking the water from his frizzy mop. Tamate was standing laughing a few yards away.

‘Oh, Tamate, that was you!’ shouted half a dozen voices. They crowded round, and splashed the missionary by way of punishment, till he was forced to dive again and swim out of their reach.

At last, hungry and tired, they trooped up the beach and lay down under the shade. The rice had been cleaned, the sago damped, the bananas skinned, and the pig roasted. The feast was ready. In classes they squatted on the leafy carpet. Tamate said grace, and young and old fell to with a will.

In the afternoon there were sports. Tamate and the native teachers tried a race. How they clapped their hands and danced when the missionary, breathless and perspiring, came in first! The three-legged race provoked roars of laughter, and when the rope broke at the tug-of-war, sending the little black fellows sprawling in a heap, the onlookers thought they had never seen anything so funny. The lucky prize-winners got beads, which they treasured as something very valuable.

And then evening came all too soon. The canoes were filled once more, and home they went, happy and contented. It had been a great time, and long after the boys and girls should have been fast asleep, Tamate, lying in his bed, could hear the peals of laughter that told him some one was relating to

interested listeners all that had happened. He, too, could have shouted for joy. He had lived to see a New Guinean village enjoy a day of innocent amusement. How different from the old times when the only fun was killing and plundering their neighbours

About this time one of Tamate's dreams was fulfilled. You remember that once on his return from a tramp inland, he thought it would be a fine thing if they could have an institution at Port Moresby for training natives to go to the various villages of New Guinea, and preach the Gospel to their fellows, just as he had had in Rarotonga. Three years had passed, and at length, with the money gathered in Australia and New Zealand, a building had been erected at Port Moresby and was now ready for use. Chalmers was very proud of it, and felt so happy when Mr. and Mrs. Lawes started work with a dozen students.

But what was Tamate to do now? He once said, 'I can never be long tied to a table leg,' meaning, of course, that it was not his nature to remain in comparative idleness. There was not enough for him to do at Port Moresby, so he set off to visit all the stations along the east coast. Among other places he came to his old quarters at Suau. How pleased he was to find that some of the people who had given him most trouble were now the best helpers that the teachers had!

Once again he returned to Port Moresby. It was the season when the people there were making ready to start for their yearly voyage to the sago districts in the far west. In the bay a fleet of canoes had gathered. One morning, Tamate saw four of them brought ashore. He noticed that the men at once set to work and lashed them together so as to form one. Round the outer canoes they built stout bulwarks, made of nipa palm leaves sewn together and strengthened with mangrove poles. Outside this ran a platform on which the crew could work, while two mangrove trees, stripped of their branches but with their roots still left, lay on the beach ready to be placed in position as masts. The sail was an immense patchwork of mats which, when spread out, looked like a crab's toe. For an anchor a large stone was carried on board, attached to which were lengths of cane instead of a chain. Fore and aft two houses were built, and all the seams caulked with banana leaves. When this was done the *lakatoi*, as such a craft is called, was finished.

As Tamate watched them he said to himself, 'I must take a voyage on a *lakatoi*.'

They would be away four months, and that would give him ample time to visit some of the places where lived the fiercest tribes in New Guinea. He met two of his friends, Vaaburi and Aruako, who had just finished building their *lakatoi*, which they called the *Kevaubada*.

‘Aruako,’ said Tamate, ‘will you take me to the west on your *lakatoi*?’

Aruako was somewhat astonished. No white man had ever thought of journeying on a *lakatoi*, but then Tamate was always doing things that no one had ever done before.

‘Come, Aruako,’ said Tamate again, ‘will you take me?’

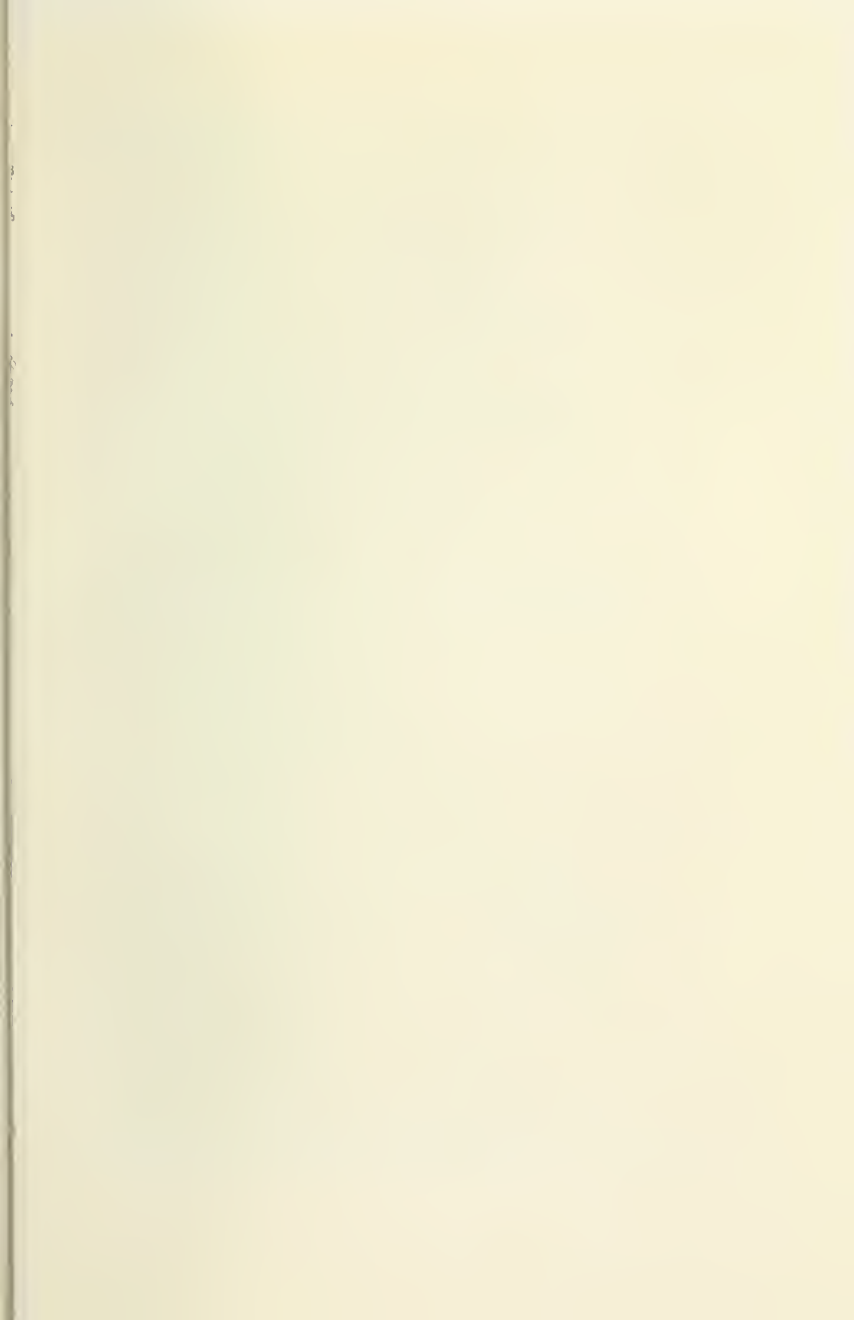
‘Gladly, Tamate.’

‘When do you start?’

‘To-morrow, Tamate.’

Chalmers went back to the mission house and packed his bag, while the wicker-work divisions on the *Kevaubada* were loaded with pottery, well packed in dried banana leaves.

Before daylight Chalmers was awake. Sounds of wailing came up from the village. Their dear ones were going away, and they would never return! The thought of that voyage of two hundred miles across stormy waters on the *lakatois* always filled them with gloomy forebodings. After many delays the fleet was poled out through the bay. Tamate got into his whaleboat, and about two miles from Port Moresby he boarded the *Kevaubada*. Canoes laden with weeping relatives followed, and it was difficult to get the men to hoist the sails and start on the voyage. At length all was ready; the weeping and howling were renewed. ‘It was enough to melt a stony heart,’ wrote Chalmers.





*Photo by W. J. V. Saville.*

A FLEET OF LAKATOIS.

A good breeze filled the sails, and the heavily laden *lakatois* began to move through the water, while the last of the friends turned sorrowfully away and paddled shorewards.

The crew buckled to their work, and soon there were feeble attempts at laughing and joking. Tamate did his best to cheer the homesick Motuans.

‘Sing, boys, sing,’ he said brightly, and presently the men at the steering paddles struck up some of their ocean songs, strange weird chants which their ancestors had sung from time immemorial when bound on these voyages to the west.

Tamate’s sleeping-place was a mat spread over two planks laid on the top of the pottery crates in the centre of the *lakatoi*. Near him hung two small pots full of burnt banana leaves.

‘Why do you hang these there?’ he asked, pointing to the pots.

‘Oh, Tamate,’ they replied, ‘these contain the good wind and favourable weather medicine.’

Slowly the *Kevaubada* made its way along the coast, till late at night the anchor was dropped, eight miles east of Hall Sound. It had been a tiring day, and the sun was peeping over the Owen Stanley Range next morning before any one was awake. When Chalmers rose he found it was dead calm, so there was nothing for it but to wait for wind. The Motuans were rather glad than otherwise, for it gave them a chance of showing off their treasures to each other.

A crowd gathered round one man, and squatting on the deck, he laid out his necklaces, his armshells, his beads, and his cloth. What would he get in exchange for them? One said so much sago, another thought they might buy a canoe. The argument went on till some one else opened his bag and displayed his valuables to the admiring group. So the performance continued, and no one seemed to be in any hurry to resume the voyage though a light wind was now blowing. Tamate began to grow impatient, and suggested that the *lakatoi* should get under weigh. Orders were given in a half-hearted fashion, but nobody was in a mood to obey them. Chalmers looked displeased, and told them that he must push on. His words had the desired effect, for soon the anchor was pulled aboard and once more the *Kevaubada* began to forge ahead. At Hall Sound the *lakatoi* was hove to.

‘Why are you stopping now?’ demanded Tamate.

‘We must drive away the spirits of the Loloans whom we once killed. They will not let the *lakatoi* pass.’

Aruako took his nephew by the hand and gave him two wisps of cassowary feathers. The little fellow shook them in front of both masts, swaying his body backwards and forwards all the time. Then the men shouted.

‘We shall get on now,’ they said, ‘for the spirits have been frightened away.’



One afternoon, when beyond Motumotu, the crew of the *Kevaubada* were pulling with all their might, for there was no wind and the current was strong against them. Soon a large war-canoe was sighted bearing down upon them. Its appearance caused great alarm, as the tribes in this neighbourhood frequently attacked and plundered the Motuan *lakatois*. Every man ran to hide his goods. At length the stranger drew across the bows of the *Kevaubada*.

‘You are not to come on board,’ shouted Tamate.

His words were unheeded, and two men sprang over the bulwarks of the *lakatoi*.

‘Great chief,’ they said as they stepped up to him and rubbed noses, ‘we have come for you. You and the *lakatoi* must return with us.’

‘No,’ replied Chalmers sternly, ‘I am going first to Vailala and then to Namau.’

The canoes drew closer, and angry murmurs rose from the warriors.

‘What can Motu do if we use our weapons—will they live?’ The words were whispered by one man to another, but Aruako heard him.

‘What do you say?’ demanded the old robber chief, his eyes blazing with anger. ‘Are you ashore that you speak so? Say more and you will have to swim to land.’

At that moment a piece of rope fell from the *lakatoi* into the water. Those in the canoe picked it up. In an instant Aruako had jumped in amongst

them to get it back. Up went the clubs, and bows and arrows were made ready.

‘Is it to fight you want?’ shouted Aruako. ‘Just say, and you will get plenty of it.’

Tamate hurried forward. If these men came to blows, the news of it would travel far and wide, and his influence as a man of peace weakened.

‘Friend,’ he said, addressing the chief of the war-canoe, ‘let there be no fighting. We cannot go with you, so press us no further.’

‘Give me an *uro*, then,’ said the chief sulkily.

‘I have none,’ answered Tamate.

‘Give me a piece of cloth.’

Chalmers had a supply in his bag, but he dare not leave the angry chiefs alone while he went to get it. A brilliant idea struck him. He pulled off his shirt and handed it to the chief. A broad grin of pleasure spread over his dusky countenance. Tamate’s shirt!—what a treasure!

‘It is good, Tamate—go.’

The war-canoe drew off from the *lakatoi* and proceeded towards the shore.

Vailala was reached after dark one night, and amid great excitement the bar was crossed, and the *lakatoi* made fast. Tamate’s strange voyage was ended, and now his Elema friends claimed him. So enthusiastic were their greetings that, when all were over, his face was the colour of the rainbow and his nose sore with constant rubbing. In their excite-

ment they bawled and screamed so loudly that Tamate was glad to get ashore and escape to the roomy platform of the village *dubu*.

Chalmers had no intention of remaining long at Vailala, but bad weather came on and then he could get no one to accompany him until the days of feasting were over. He was not idle, however, and started the first school that was ever held at Vailala. His pupils were a group of men who seated themselves round him on the platform of the *dubu*.

‘Say “A ”,’ ordered Tamate.

There were weird attempts and much laughter. After a time a few succeeded, and then Chalmers tried other letters. He had often taught A B C to the tune of ‘Auld Lang Syne’, so he experimented with it once more. The result was not quite as he expected. ‘All tried to join,’ he wrote, ‘and it was like a thunderstorm between two hills or over a city.’

At last Tamate started westward. There was a broiling sun, and as the tide was low he trudged along the beach, feeling the heat more than he had ever done before. A fishing party passed, the men with nets about nine feet square and attached to two sticks. The boys had hand-traps made from the ribs of the sago fronds, and into these they chased the fish. Whenever a fish was caught it was handed to one of the girls, who carried a small bag fastened to her head and hanging over her back.

About half-way to Orokolo Chalmers met a friendly chief called Apohe. There was a lovely grove of coco-nuts close by, and Apohe ordered his men to bring some down so that the travellers might quench their thirst. Tying a piece of fibre loosely round his ankles, one strong young fellow pulled himself up the smooth trunk and gathered a number of young nuts, which he threw down to his companions. Never had Chalmers enjoyed the cool refreshing milk of the coco-nut so much as he did on that hot day, when he sat under the shade of the yellow hibiscus and talked with Apohe.

When near to Maipua Chalmers came to the river Alele. It swarmed with crocodiles—the one thing that Tamate dreaded beyond all others—and the only visible means of crossing was one miserable-looking dug-out canoe, which a savage was paddling across the stream. He gave them to understand that he had been sent to look for the great white chief.

‘Ask him if there isn’t a larger canoe anywhere near,’ said Tamate.

He said there was, so Aruako and one of the Vailala men went across in the canoe and soon returned in a much larger craft. As it neared the shore a man sprang out and gave Chalmers a hearty squeeze.

‘I am Ipaivaitani of Maipua,’ he said, ‘and have come to take you there.’

All were got safely on board, and they paddled along past creeks lined with palms and mangroves till they came to Maipua, the largest village in the Namau district. It was a wretched place, situated amidst a swamp that stretched for miles around. The streets were laid with long trees, and the channels that intersected the village were crossed by bridges. Tamate was led to the temple, which was one of the best he had ever been in. It was floored with the outer skin of the sago palm, and kept beautifully clean. The chief decorations were the carved and painted skulls of the men and women whom the Maipuans had killed.

In this weird place one night Aruako told the story of Noah and the Flood, a story of which all the New Guineans were particularly fond. A crowd of savages gathered round him, and in the long dark temple, lit only by the flickering fires, the one-time robber chief spoke to his cannibal brothers. Hour after hour he went on, and on the platform outside Tamate fell asleep. Sunrise came, and Aruako was still talking. He had been preaching all night !

Tamate found the people of Maipua, in spite of their cannibalism, kindly and attentive. They were very sorry when they found he must return to Vailala, and made him promise to visit them again.

‘There will be no more fighting, Tamate,’ they said before he left them, ‘no more man-eating ; we

have heard good news and we shall strive for peace.' So Tamate returned from fierce, cannibal Namau. No one had tried to harm him.

'Give a look of kindness and sympathy,' he once said, 'and you will get the same in return.'

It was the kindly, sympathetic look that helped him wherever he went.





Chalmers

COMMODORE JAMES E. ERSKINE ADDRESSING PAPUAN CHIEFS  
ON BOARD H.M.S. 'NELSON' IN HOOD BAY IN 1884.



## CHAPTER XIII

### CHILDREN OF THE QUEEN

FIVE warships flying the white ensign of Great Britain lay at anchor off Port Moresby one November day in 1884. They had come to proclaim the southern part of New Guinea a Protectorate of the British Empire, and the Commodore, Admiral Erskine, was instructed to make this known to the natives. But the great 'Beritani war-canoes' terrified the simple Papuans. When their search-lights swept the bay and their sirens hooted, echoing and re-echoing among the hills, there was a stampede for places of safety. It was clear that the British admiral would have some difficulty in carrying out his orders. But Tamate and Mr. Lawes came to his help. East, west, and inland they went, telling the people that no harm would befall them, and that their chiefs must come and see the officers whom the great white Queen had sent to speak to them.

'But will you be there, Tamate?' they asked timidly.

'Yes,' replied Chalmers, 'I shall go with you and climb up to the big war-canoes.'

They were satisfied, so they came to Port Moresby

and got on board H.M.S. *Nelson*, the flag-ship of the Commodore. An awning was erected on the quarter-deck, and under it was seated the strangest assembly that ever gathered on a British man-of-war. Dusky Papuans with their gorgeous head-dresses of brilliant feathers contrasted strangely with the gold-laced uniforms of the officers. Tamate and Mr. Lawes took up their positions near the admiral. He could not speak a word of the Motuan language, but Mr. Lawes translated what he said.

‘I have been sent to this place to notify and proclaim that Her Majesty the Queen has established a Protectorate over the southern shores of New Guinea ; and in token of that event I am directed to hoist the British flag at Port Moresby.’

The New Guineans showed no sign of interest. The hoisting of a flag had no meaning.

‘Your lands will be secured to you,’ continued the admiral, ‘your wives and children will be protected. . . . The Queen will permit nobody to reside here who does you injury.’ Their faces lit up with joy. This was something they could understand. There would be no more man-stealing by white traders.

‘Always keep in your minds that the Queen guards and watches over you, looks upon you as her children, and will not allow any one to harm you.’

The admiral gave each chief a present, and a feast followed. Tongues were loosened, and the fear of the iron war-canoe vanished. Some more daring spirits

followed the officers over the ship and examined its wonders. Back to the shore they went to tell their friends of all that had been said.

Next day, amid the firing of guns and the playing of bands, the Union Jack was hoisted on the mission flag-staff. From henceforth the New Guineans were children of the Queen !

For a week and more Chalmers assisted in the flag-hoisting all round the coast. Admiral Erskine was very grateful for his help and sent home to England his report, in which he said that had it not been for the assistance of the missionaries he could never have carried out his orders.

Tamate went back to his work and began a round of visits in the *Ellangowan* to places where teachers had been stationed. He had not got very far, when one day a British man-of-war overhauled the mission steamer and signalled to her that her commander had an important message to deliver.

‘Is Mr. Chalmers on board?’ came the signal from the warship.

‘Yes,’ was the reply.

A boat put off from the vessel, which proved to be H.M.S. *Raven*, and in a short time Tamate was on her deck.

‘I have instructions to get hold of you, Mr. Chalmers,’ said Commander Ross, with a smile, ‘and, as it was a case of “No *Ellangowan*, no Tamate,” I am going to tow you into Port Moresby. The Govern-

ment have ordered me to proclaim the Protectorate and hoist the flag over the unknown parts of the island, and it cannot be done without your help. Will you come ? ’

‘ Certainly,’ answered Tamate. He was ready to help any one in the discharge of his duty, and do anything for the welfare of his much-loved New Guinea.

A rope was passed over the stern of the *Raven* and made fast to the *Ellangowan*. Orders were given for full steam ahead, and on the 26th of December, 1884, the mission vessel and her convoy arrived off Port Moresby.

The commander was in a hurry and wished his vessel coaled as quickly as possible, but the easy-going Papuans were astonished at such haste. They knew Tamate always did things with a rush, but it puzzled them that other Beritani should do the same. They set to the task, however, after a little persuasion, and by nightfall next day the *Raven* was ready for sea.

Chalmers found life in a warship very pleasant after the knocking about he had had in whaleboats and canoes. He quickly made friends with the officers and men, and often the ward-room rang with the laughter that Tamate’s stories invariably produced.

On sped the *Raven* round the south end of New Guinea, and up the eastern coast with its frowning

cliffs and great mountain ranges rising 10,000 feet above the sea. Much of it was new to Chalmers, and as he gazed upon the varied beauties that spread themselves before him he thought of the changes the future must bring. Traders would come here, not as some had already come, to carry off helpless natives to labour in the Queensland plantations, but to barter their goods under the free flag of the world-wide empire he claimed as his own. And with the trader would come the gospel of Jesus Christ. 'It must come,' said Chalmers to himself, 'for without it all this flag-hoisting is vanity.'

It was with this ever in his mind that Tamate sailed on. The work he was assisting in now was all for the future good of the great island in which his lot was cast. Sometimes he must have felt inclined to laugh at the ceremonies, for often when they landed to read the proclamation and hoist the Union Jack, there was no native near to hear the announcement or see the flag. Usually the appearance of the ship was enough for the startled New Guineans. They fled for safety, and nothing would induce them to come back. But the proclamation was read all the same, the flag hoisted, arms presented, and cheers given for the Queen.

One day, however, the party came across a very unconcerned native. When his fellows ran off in terror he remained. What the commander said was translated to him, but neither by word nor look did

he show that he heard. The flag was run up, and he seemed scarcely to notice it ; the royal salute thundered forth, and he never winced as its echoes sounded among the hills. A present unloosed his tongue, and he thanked the Beritani captain again and again. The flag-lieutenant showed him how to take the flag down and put it up.

‘Whenever you see a ship coming hoist it at once, and no one will harm you, for the Beritani flag means peace and protection.’

When Tamate and his friends left for the *Raven*, the natives came back from their places of hiding and crowded round the hero who had stayed. He showed his present, and no doubt they wished they had not been so frightened. He pointed to the flag and gesticulated wildly. He was telling them what a great and wonderful thing it was. He was not the only man in the world who has thought the same about the Union Jack !

Chalmers finished his trip on H.M.S. *Dart*, a smaller vessel than the *Raven*, but considered the smartest ship on the station. Often she had to thread her way among perilous reefs and along coasts that were but little known. Dangers there were many, and of excitement, even the most dauntless had as much as he wanted.

One day they came to Rook Island, full of old volcanoes and towering mountains. The natives were friendly, and after the flag-hoisting ceremony

was over they came out to the *Dart* in their hollowed-out canoes. They were very much offended when the sailors asked if they were cannibals. In another respect they were unlike the other natives of New Guinea—they knew nothing about smoking.

Tamate was very much interested in them, for they were a fine-looking race. They would not venture on board at first, and when one of the officers held up a cat there was a shout of astonishment. Canoes were quickly backed, for Puss was to them an unknown creature. The appearance of a sheep frightened them still more, and caused an immediate dash for the shore.

At last some men were tempted on board, and a lieutenant began to amuse them with a few tricks. He took a glass of water, a two-shilling piece, and a pocket-handkerchief. A native called Agara was much interested, and watched the officer carefully. The two-shilling piece was wrapped up in the handkerchief. Agara had no doubt about it.

‘One, two, three,’ called the lieutenant, and he snapped his fingers. The florin had vanished from the handkerchief and lay in the bottom of the tumbler. Tamate and those around him were laughing heartily, but Agara was very solemn. He thought there was something uncanny about this, and asked the officer to do it again. Next he tried it himself and failed. He could not understand the trick, but his fear was gone, so he laughed too, and



went away to tell his friends of the wonderful thing the foreigner had done.

Following the proclaiming of the Protectorate, the British Government appointed Sir Peter Scratchley as Special Commissioner in New Guinea, and though Tamate was on the eve of starting for a well-earned holiday in Britain, he cheerfully consented to the Commissioner's proposal that he should accompany him on his tour through the island. Chalmers felt that his presence would prevent many misunderstandings between the British representatives and the natives, and afford him further opportunities of speaking to and teaching the people.

One day the Government yacht arrived off one of those coast villages which are built almost wholly in the sea. A fight was in progress, for an inland tribe had attacked the coast-dwellers. The women and children screamed in terror, and on the shore angry men rushed at each other with clubs and spears. Chalmers could not allow this to go on under his very eyes, so, in spite of the pleadings of his friends, he jumped into the water, waded ashore, and boldly approached the combatants.

'I am Tamate,' he shouted, 'and in the name of the great white Queen demand that there be peace.'

There was a ring of authority in his voice, and his eyes flashed angrily. They stopped their warfare, and after further talk went off to their homes.

.



On another occasion two sailors from the Government yacht went ashore in a canoe after nightfall. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the beating of drums, accompanied by shouting and yelling.

When Chalmers heard they had gone he realized the danger they were in, among a crowd of alarmed savages. Without a moment's thought he jumped into a boat, rowed ashore as quickly as he could, and made for the village to which the foolhardy men had gone. He reached it, and above the din made the people understand that the sailors must be allowed to depart in safety. In the end they were set free, and returned with Tamate to the ship.

Again and again his knowledge of the savage tribes saved trouble and even bloodshed. He knew their secret code of signals, so that the kind of flower worn or the way it was placed in the head told him whether they were friendly or otherwise.

'Whatever had to be done from Special Commissioner downwards,' said one of the staff, 'the first question was, "Where is Tamate? What has Tamate got to say about it? Ask Tamate!"'

And Tamate was always ready, whether by day or night. Men said it was work bravely done for his country and his Queen: Chalmers counted it labour for his Master.

## CHAPTER XIV

### HOW THE 'BRONZED SAVAGE' PLAYED

It was an August day in 1886. The Australian mail boat crept slowly up the Thames to her moorings at Tilbury. Her decks were thronged with a crowd of passengers, happy in the thought that the long voyage was safely over and eager for the first glimpse of waiting friends. Amongst them stood a man, tall, alert, bronzed, his hair tinged with grey. He was James Chalmers, home from New Guinea after twenty-one years' absence.

As he stepped ashore a feeling of loneliness and oppression crept over him. He was a stranger in his own land ; his old friends were widely scattered, and he had almost forgotten the manners and customs of the west. He was what he called himself, 'a bronzed savage.' A canoe was more-comfortable for him than a train, and he felt he could speak more easily in a *dubu* than in a church. London bewildered him at first, and then cast her spell upon him, as she has done upon so many. Like a boy on his first visit to the metropolis, Chalmers saw the sights, and revelled in them. To ride through London in a hansom-cab was one of the things he

thoroughly enjoyed. But there was hard work before him and he had little time for play.

One afternoon in the end of August, the Board Room of the London Missionary Society was crowded with a throng of men, anxious to look upon the great pioneer missionary and hear the story of his work. Tamate felt very nervous about addressing such a gathering, but when he rose to his feet and warmed to his speech, he seemed to forget where he was. The wilds of New Guinea rose before him ; his much-loved savages called to him across those miles of ocean ; and he pled their cause and presented their needs in words of burning eloquence.

'The work in New Guinea is growing fast, more labourers must forthwith be sent to enter in at the open doors. New Guinea wants men ; New Guinea must have men. This is my message, and but for this I should not have come home at all.'

There were men in that audience who were accustomed to welcome returning missionaries, but this stalwart man, tanned and travel-stained, touched their hearts as few had done. Of his own toil and hardship he had little to tell ; all his words spoke of the task to which he had dedicated his life

It was no wonder that in a few weeks Chalmers became the most sought-after missionary speaker in Britain. Requests for his services poured in from every part of the country, and for several months he spent the greater part of his time in trains, as he

journeyed from place to place. Everywhere people flocked to hear 'The Apostle of the Papuan Gulf', as he was sometimes called. Men and women sat enthralled as he told the story of the Gospel's progress in far-off Papua; the members of learned societies eagerly welcomed him as an explorer; the students of Cheshunt College gave him a rapturous reception; boys and girls revelled in his wild tales of adventure among the cannibals and his hairbreadth escapes on the sea. Tamate was the hero of the hour. If he had liked, the Government would have given him a high office in the ruling of New Guinea, but Chalmers would accept no post that meant the giving up of his missionary labours.

One day he came to his old home at Inverary. Years ago he had left it an unknown lad, and now he returned famous. What a happy time he had in the old place! Men and women who had known him as a boy hobbled along to shake him by the hand; schoolmates of bygone days were delighted at his recollection of their almost forgotten pranks; and the young people, who had never looked upon the great Tamate before, but had heard all about him, at once made him their hero. But amid it all James Chalmers was still the simple, straightforward man he had always been. In his eyes there was only one Hero, the Hero Whose story he never tired of telling to black and white alike.

Before leaving Inverary he spoke at a great

meeting over which the Queen's son-in-law presided, and then next day the Duke of Argyll asked him to plant a memorial tree in the park at Inverary Castle, close to the spot where David Livingstone years before had planted another.

It was now June 1887, and Chalmers was due to sail again. The speaking at meetings, the travelling up and down the country, the coming in contact with strangers, all of which he had dreaded so much, had proved far more pleasant than he could have imagined.

At last the day for sailing came. A few friends saw him off at the station, and then the train steamed slowly out on its way to Plymouth, where the steamship *Orient* was waiting for her passengers. There was quite a number of boys and girls on board, and they were not long in finding out what a jolly companion Tamate was. He kept a diary of all that went on from day to day, and under the date of July 18 he wrote :

‘ This morning we had a fine time. All the children in the seconds thought a wedding would be a nice game, so I was to be married to a fine bright-eyed Irish lassie, and then we were to go shopping. Our barber keeps a sweet-shop. We assembled, but the difficulty was with the bride. All wanted that honour, even to the boys. We thought it best to do the shopping, and to the great amusement of the ship's company, away we trooped from the quarter-

deck to the main deck, then down the companion, filling the shop to overflowing. We seized the sweets, and then took possession of a large saloon-table and made equal divisions. That finished, I have been with them an hour telling them stories.'

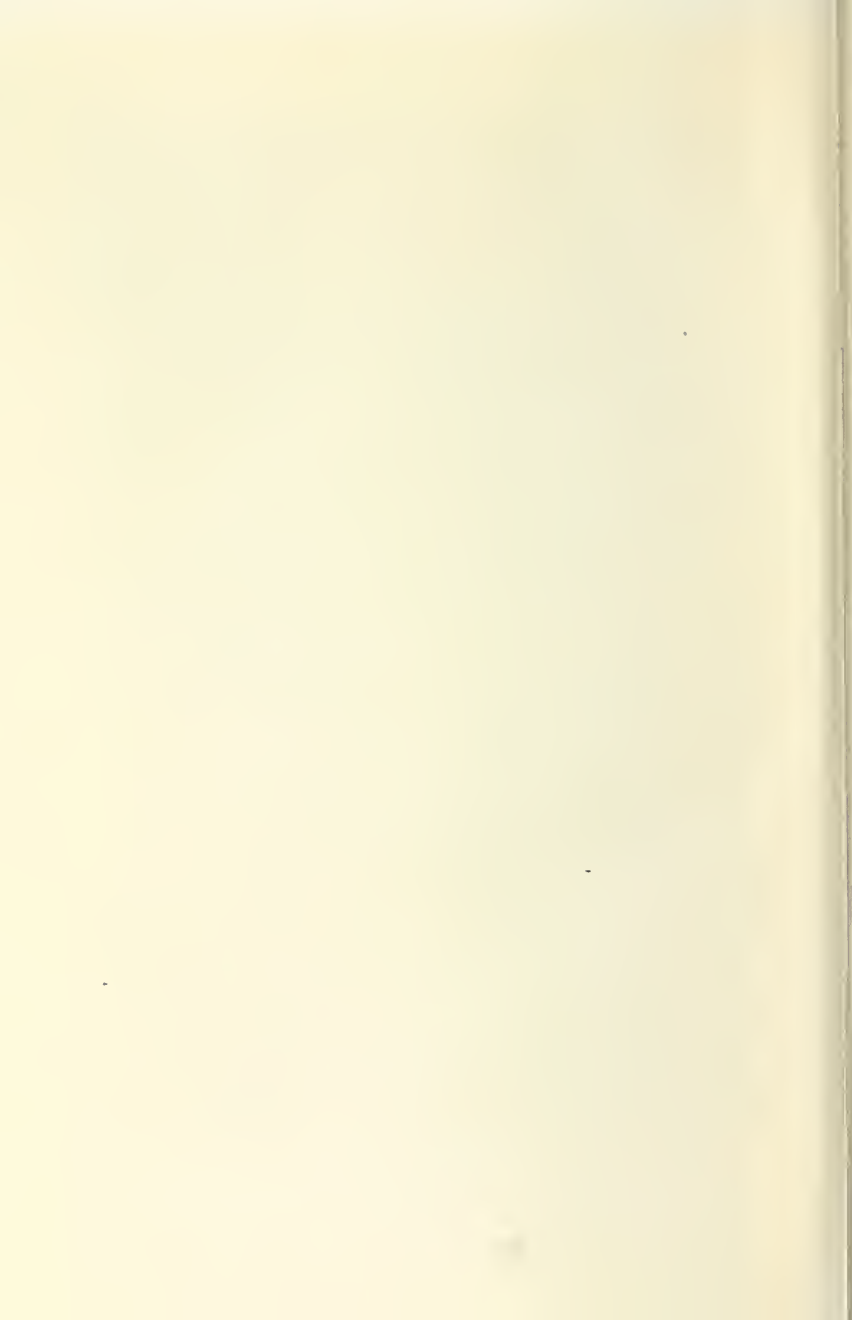
In all big ships nowadays there is a room called the refrigerator, where everything is frozen. One day Chalmers and his young friends stepped into this place, and had a regular snowball fight. It must have been a very wild affair, for Tamate had his coat-tails torn. But, then, what fun it was, and he did not mind a single bit !

Whenever there were sports on board Chalmers took a leading part. Everybody wanted him on their side at the tug-of-war. He was so big and strong that when he got on to the end of the rope no one could make him budge. These boys and girls had the jolliest time of their lives, as they romped about the *Orient* with their cheery good-natured friend, or listened to his thrilling stories.

But it was not only the young folks on board that Chalmers befriended. There was a poor Irishman with his wife who after paying for their kit, pan, tins and bed, had only a sixpence left. Tamate heard about them, and his kind heart was so touched with their story that he made up his mind to help them. He made a collection amongst the passengers and got more than three pounds for the couple. He remembered the days when he himself was penniless,



THOSE BOYS AND GIRLS HAD THE JOLLIEST TIME OF  
THEIR LIVES.





and hated to think of their being anxious and miserable, while others on the ship had plenty and were happy.

One night the weather was very rough, and the ship rolled and tumbled so much that a number of the passengers were ill. Tamate got them on deck; covered them with rugs, and began to yarn to them of his shipwrecks and escapes, of his travelling without food and without water, of all the strange things that had befallen him during his adventurous life. The little group round him became so interested that they forgot their sickness and laughed in spite of their discomfort.

On Sundays, when Chalmers preached in the saloon, there was always a crowd. Men who never went near a church wanted to hear what this happy, boisterous, Christian missionary had to say; others who did not believe in Christianity listened to him gladly, and went away thinking that the religion which produced such a lovable character as his possessed some secret power. And Chalmers, as he saw the earnest faces of his listeners, spoke with all the deep feeling that lay in him. He always felt himself a missionary for Christ, whether among savages or in the saloon of an ocean liner.

There was one final scene, in which Tamate was the central figure, when the *Orient* was nearing Adelaide. All the passengers assembled in the saloon, and joining hands sang 'Auld Lang Syne'. When

they finished Chalmers was told to sit down, and to his surprise and delight, an address signed by the passengers was presented to him, thanking him for all he had done to make the voyage happy and profitable for every one. The ringing cheers that followed told Chalmers how completely he had won the love of the ship's company.

No sooner was it known that Tamate had landed in Australia than invitations and honours were showered upon him. The Governor wanted him to luncheon ; the chief-justice invited him to dinner ; the learned societies wished him to lecture ; the ministers were anxious to have him in their pulpits ; the railway companies gave him a free pass over their lines. Chalmers was overwhelmed with kindness.

The Geographical Society was very keen that he should consent to lead an expedition to explore the interior of New Guinea and climb Mount Owen Stanley. No one had ever scaled the steep and lofty heights of this giant mountain, the highest in New Guinea. Chalmers had a great ambition to be the first white man to set foot on its summit, and the offers made to him at this time were temptingly strong. He argued with himself thus :

‘ I am first and foremost a missionary, and an explorer only in so far as it is necessary for my work. Can I go inland and climb this mountain, and at the same time do my duty ? ’

He thought over it long and carefully, and at

last saw that the honour of scaling the great peak was not for him. Bravely he put the temptation from him. To some other must fall the glory of achieving what he had hoped to achieve.

So Tamate went back to his task. For sixteen months he had been away, and now he returned ready to work with greater earnestness than ever. In the homeland and in the colonies he had left hundreds of new friends, who were thinking of him and his work, and praying for God's blessing on both. No need to be discouraged now. More than ever he felt that God was with him and all was well.

## CHAPTER XV

### AFTER THE HOLIDAYS

HAVE you ever felt, after a long holiday, that you want to work very hard, and do things you have been planning during weeks of idleness? If you have, you will know how Chalmers felt when he returned to New Guinea. He had never been stronger or better in all his life, and the many kind things that had been said and written, both about himself and his work, had greatly cheered him, and sent him back to New Guinea determined to continue his labours among the wild tribes around and beyond Motumotu.

After a short but happy time with his friends at Port Moresby, he set out for the west. From Maiva he sailed in an open boat, and so stormy was the voyage that he was seldom dry, and more than once had narrow escapes from being overturned.

One night, after sundown, he entered the river at Motumotu, and was met by the representative of the British Government, who made him come to his house for the night. Tamate was very glad to accept the invitation, for he was wet and tired. Next day he went out to have a look at the teachers' house that had been built before he left for home. Tamate

had been very proud of it, and when he placed teachers in it and sailed away he thought that all would go well.

But there had been sad happenings at Motumotu. One teacher, along with his little boy, had been killed by natives when visiting some villages up the river, and the other had died of fever. Can you wonder that Chalmers felt disheartened as he stood before the deserted dwelling! All his work seemed to have been in vain. But he did not despair. Close by lay a pile of sawn timber sufficient to make a large house. Tamate looked at it, and as he did so, there came to his mind a plan that had often filled his thoughts during his holiday. He would build a house here, and make Motumotu a centre from which he could work Elema and the neighbouring districts. He was not afraid of fever-haunted swamps or hostile peoples. God had taken care of him in the past, and He would do so still.

When he returned to his host, he heard from him how the natives who had murdered the teacher had been punished by the Government for their deed. Tamate was always sorry when he heard such things, because he knew that it caused bad feeling and made the natives afraid of the white man. He made up his mind that he would go and visit these people, and try, if possible, to bring about peace, so that there would be no further trouble.

Getting four Motumotu men, he stepped into a

canoe with them and paddled up the river to Moveave. They came suddenly upon a man with his wife and children in a boat. At once the man took up his bow and arrow, while the mother with her children prepared to dive into the water.

‘We are friends,’ shouted one of the Motumotu men, ‘and this is Tamate.’

At the mention of Tamate the bow and arrow were laid aside, and the man paddled nearer. The children cried bitterly, while their parents trembled dreadfully. A small present soothed them, and they agreed to go on in front, and warn their friends that the strangers were coming.

Up the river paddled Chalmers, and into a narrow creek from which he could not possibly have escaped had he been attacked. At last he landed and made his way through the bush. Soon a large number of armed natives came rushing towards Chalmers and his party. ‘Here is Tamate,’ shouted his friends. ‘He has no weapons, so you must not come near unless you lay down yours.’

Immediately they put away their clubs and spears, and approached, apparently quite pleased. There were shouts of joy when they learned that Tamate was going to their village, and whenever they came to a wet part of the way he was hoisted on their shoulders and carried over it.

He passed on to one or two villages and then returned. The news of his arrival had spread, and not

far from the river a large shade of coco-nut leaves had been made for him. A crowd was seated underneath awaiting his coming, so he sat down and talked with them as well as he could. He found them very sorry for the murder of the teacher. They disliked all the unhappiness that it had brought just as much as he did, and would be quite glad if peace were arranged. To prove the truth of what they said, large presents of betel-nuts and coco-nuts were laid before Tamate, and to their great delight, he opened out his treasures and gave them knives, looking-glasses, and some medals made to commemorate the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. They were very pleased to hear of the great white Queen, but the looking-glasses were the chief attraction.

When Chalmers landed in New Guinea from England his heavy baggage had not arrived, so after a short stay at Motumotu he returned to Port Moresby to see what had become of it. He found it waiting for him at the mission house, and at once began to unpack the cases.

‘What a pleasure there is in opening boxes!’ he wrote, and you can picture him in his shirt sleeves, hammer in hand, knocking the lids off the big packing-cases. He had brought back with him a large assortment of articles, but none excited so much wonder as a telephone, which a friend in England had given him. It had been slightly damaged on the voyage, but the captain of one of the ships at Port Moresby knew a little about the instrument, and

succeeded in getting it to work. The natives could not understand it, and were rather frightened when they put their ears to the receiver, and heard the voice of a person some distance away.

About this time Mr. and Mrs. Lawes, who had had a great deal of work to do while Tamate was in England, went for a short holiday to Australia. To Chalmers it was like the old Rarotonga days come back once more, as he had to look after school and carry on all the work of the mission station. He quite enjoyed teaching again, and got on very well with reading, writing, and arithmetic, but when it came to teaching the girls sewing he was fairly beaten. The wives of the native teachers could not help him, for strangely enough the only sewing they did was done with the sewing-machine.

In some things Tamate found these Port Moresby students very like some nearer home. They disliked home lessons, and had a bad habit of coming in late to their classes. Sometimes, too, they needed to be told twice to do what they were asked, not because they wished to be disobedient, but just because they had always been accustomed to do things only when it suited them. Now, Tamate disliked work done in that fashion.

‘I shall ring the bell when it is school-time,’ he said, ‘and every one must come quickly. Then when I give an order it must be done at one telling.’

No doubt the New Guineans thought Chalmers



a very strict schoolmaster, but they liked him all the same.

Besides teaching, he had to see other duties carried out. The gardens required weeding, and the ground around the mission stations needed sweeping, so when the hottest part of the day was over, he went out and set the girls and boys to these tasks.

At this season of the year—that is in January—the north-west wind blows very strongly over New Guinea, and if the gates and houses are not strongly fastened, any morning the people may awaken to find them blown away and smashed to pieces. Tamate knew this, and much of his time was spent in seeing that all the mission property was kept in good repair.

Often he made short visits to places near Port Moresby to see that the work was going on smoothly. One Sunday he was at Tupuselei, the village east of Port Moresby, which is built entirely in the sea. He had been conducting a service, and when he had finished he asked if there was any one who would like to speak. Tamate liked very much to hear the natives speaking, though some of them were inclined to be very long-winded. But one native was admirably short, and Chalmers thought his little sermon one of the best he had ever heard.

‘Friends,’ said this man, who a short time before had been a fierce savage, ‘if we do evil Jesus weeps—is pained; if we do well Jesus is pleased. I have finished.’

Sometimes in the playground at school you have seen one group of boys chaffing another group. At first it is just in fun, but one lot becomes angry and what was fun to begin with changes to bitterness, and then there is a fight. Now some of the New Guineans are just like big boys and quarrel over trifles. One night there was a row of this kind in Port Moresby.

No rain had fallen for a long time, and some foolish people, forgetting that it is God Who sends the rain or withholds it, called in a rain-maker to bring a shower. He demanded that he should first be paid, so a collection of arm-shells, tomahawks, sago, and two dogs was given to him. Men and women stood around as he chanted his magical words and carried through his meaningless performance. No rain came. Those who had not paid began to laugh and jeer at those who had been foolish enough to hand over their treasures to the sorcerer. The taunts grew more bitter and angry; scowls darkened the faces of those whom the rain-maker had cheated. A quarrel began, and in a few minutes the whole place was in an uproar. Tamate heard it, and rushed out to see what was the matter. They told him excitedly what had happened, but instead of stopping the fight, he let them go on till they cooled down, and then spoke to them of their silliness in squabbling over such a small matter. They felt rather ashamed when it was all over, and became quite friendly again. Chalmers had learned that it was best to let natives

settle their differences in their own way unless their disputes reached such a point that there was a danger of injury to life and limb.

When Tamate was in England he had been granted the privilege of sending home telegrams free of charge. It saved him the labour of writing letters, and where mails were irregular, enabled him to get goods forwarded much more quickly. Once he made a strange request by cable which caused some wonder and not a little amusement. This is what he wired :—‘Send one gross tomahawks, one gross butcher’s knives.’

Whatever did a missionary want with tomahawks and butcher’s knives ! People did not then understand that by means of such articles Tamate gained the friendship of the New Guineans. The present of a tomahawk or a knife had oftentimes been the door which opened the heart of a cannibal to the message of Jesus Christ.

One day in July 1888, Chalmers wanted to visit Kabadi and set out in the Government cutter. They reached Redscar Bay in safety, and left the cutter in a whaleboat with the intention of sailing up the river. The boat was deeply laden, and a heavy sea was running on the bar. ‘Let’s wait till morning,’ suggested one of the party. Tamate looked at the line of breakers. It did not appear unusually dangerous, and the steering oar was in the hands of a skilful native. Besides, Tamate was anxious to

have as long time as possible with the people in the various villages.

‘We’ll risk it,’ decided Chalmers with his usual fearlessness.

On sped the boat. The first wave carried them on its crest; the second broke aboard; water poured in; the steering oar jammed. The next moment the craft swung round and toppled over. Then began a fight for life. The water was deep, the sea heavy, and the place swarmed with crocodiles. Three times Chalmers scrambled on to the keel of the upturned boat, and each time he was swept away. At last he managed to seize an oar, and with the help of a native reached a sandbank. A short rest there, and then once more through the surf till the shore was reached. Through the long night the crew of the ill-fated boat huddled round a fire on the shore and waited for the dawn.

About a month later Chalmers made a short trip in H.M.S. *Opal*. At Kalo he persuaded three of the chief men to come on board. They were terribly afraid, but when the captain shook hands with them and spoke kindly, they began to feel more at home. The wonders of the warship were shown to them, and at length Chalmers took them down into the stokehold. The roaring of the fires astonished them, but when one of the stokers opened a furnace door they shouted in terror. Up the ladder they scrambled, across the deck and into the boat as if an enemy were

in pursuit. They had seen enough of life on a man-of-war !

When Chalmers got back to Port Moresby a strange schooner was anchored in the bay. She was a beautiful little vessel, and her graceful lines at once caught his eye. Great was his joy when he learned she was the *Harrier*, the new mission ship which the London Missionary Society had just bought. But another surprise was in store for Tamate. Mr. and Mrs. Lawes had landed the day before, and he was once more free to carry out his plan of work at Motumotu.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE HOME 'MID THE SAGO PALMS

Do you know the pile-built village where the sago-dealers trade,  
Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo,  
Do you know the steaming stillness of the orchid-scented glade  
When the blazoned bird-winged butterflies flap through ?

KIPLING.

ON October 6, 1888, Chalmers was married at Cooktown to a lady who had been a great friend of his first wife. She was keenly interested in his work and ready to share all its dangers. Almost immediately they sailed in the *Harrier* for Port Moresby, and, after a rough crossing, got a great reception. The mission station was decorated with flags, and the whole population turned out to welcome Tamate Vaine to New Guinea.

Tamate was anxious to be off to his new home at Motumotu, but before going he spent some time visiting the villages east and west of Port Moresby to give his wife an idea of the work that was carried on. At last, on Christmas Day, they set out in a whaleboat for Motumotu. It was a trying journey for Mrs. Chalmers, as she was quite unused to the discomforts of such a voyage. The continual

tossing and frequent wetting made her so ill that she could do nothing but lie wrapped up in a blanket, till their destination was reached.

‘We are off Motumotu,’ said Tamate one night. Mrs. Chalmers roused herself and saw they had entered the river, for it had been found impossible to land on the beach under the village. It was pitch dark, but on the banks was a crowd of savages carrying blazing torches. Presently some men came forward with a roughly-made stretcher, on which was spread a mat and some pillows, stuffed with the silk down from the trees. Tamate Vaine was carefully lifted on to it, and six stalwart Motumotuan, with torch-bearers in front, carried her shoulder high. Others danced round in wild excitement, and though it was the middle of the night everybody seemed awake and determined to give the lady a royal welcome home. They refused to put her down at the gate, but lifted her right on to the verandah. She went into the house feeling desperately tired, but there was no bed to lie on. Cases of goods were piled up everywhere. The wives of the teachers, however, soon pulled them into a corner and made a comfortable bed, while Tamate boiled water and got cocoa ready. Outside there was the roar of the surf breaking on the shore, mingled with the shouts of excited natives. It all sounded very queer to Mrs. Chalmers, but this was home, and she lay down that night worn-out but happy.

Tamate's new house stood within fifty yards of the sea, for farther back it was unhealthy. It was made of rough-hewn planks, wide enough apart in some places to put one's fingers in between. The roof was very high, with the thatch coming so far down that it shaded the verandah, which ran all round the building. Like all other New Guinean houses, it stood on piles six feet above the ground, and one could look through the chinks of the floor and see what was going on below. There were no windows, and the place of doors was supplied with fibre mats, looped back during the daytime to let in the air. Round about the house Tamate had planted a large number of coco-nut trees, partly to shelter the house from the storms, and partly to lessen the glare of the sun on the white sand.

Perhaps you think this was a curious house for a missionary, but the inside was more curious still. There were three rooms, but they were not separated by walls, only partitions about seven and a half feet high. Then Tamate's furniture was not costly; his washstand was an upturned packing-case with a bowl on it; his dressing-table an old box. There were one or two folding chairs which he had bought in Australia, a roughly-made wooden sofa with a coco-nut fibre bottom, and a native-made cupboard with three shelves. As a luxury he had brought an iron bedstead, the first that had ever been seen at Motumotu.



You might imagine that Mrs. Chalmers was disappointed with such a poor place, but you would be quite wrong. Both she and Tamate were far too sensible to think that it is only a grand house and fine furniture that can make a home comfortable and happy. They had come to do brave work at Motumotu, to spend their lives for others without a thought of ease for themselves.

As was to be expected, Mrs. Chalmers proved an object of great curiosity. The natives were never tired of coming to have a good look at her, and, as if anxious to impress her with their importance, they came dressed in their very best. Their frizzy heads were decorated with leaves, feathers and shells, and their bodies brilliantly painted. There was one man who seemed covered with a gaily coloured net.

Tamate laughed when Mrs. Chalmers told him.

‘That is no net at all,’ he said. ‘It is a pattern tattooed on his skin.’

The children were a constant source of delight to Tamate Hahine.<sup>1</sup> She used to sit surrounded by them—little chocolate-coloured boys and girls with their heads shaved, all except a small tuft of hair in front and another on the crown. They did not know a word of her language and she was equally ignorant of theirs, but they became very friendly, and tried to teach each other the words

<sup>1</sup> Motumotu for ‘Tamate’s wife’.

for things by touching them and then repeating the names. Both made curious mistakes and laughed heartily over them.

Sometimes Tamate went down to the beach and had a game with the boys and girls, greatly to their delight. He sailed their model canoes with them, and helped them at whip-tops. They were very fond of playing at cat's-cradle, but there was most excitement when they played their spear game. Sides were chosen, and a number stood some distance away while the others ranged themselves in a line, with their wooden spears ready to throw. With a loud shout the opposing side hurled a coco-nut along the beach, and as it came rolling towards the rank with the spears, they tried to hit it and prevent it from breaking through the line. If they missed it, then they had to throw it back to the other side, who got their chance of spearing it.

In New Guinea the boys have far more time to play than the girls, who at a very early age have to plant food, fish, carry wood, and nurse the babies. Sometimes they get off, however, and then they romp and dance along the beach. Surf-swimming and bathing are always great fun, but some one has always to be on the look-out for crocodiles.

At the lagoon large quantities of shell-fish like oysters and cockles are found, and after a bathe the children light fires on the beach and cook the fish. It is a curious sight to see perhaps a dozen fires all

along the shore, each with its merry group round it enjoying a feast.

After Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers had become thoroughly acquainted with their young friends, they tried holding a school. At first the boys and girls rather liked it, but learning lessons was hard and tiresome, so they gave up coming unless there was fun.

Tamate hit upon a plan to amuse and instruct at the same time. He made them stand up in a line and marched them backwards and forwards singing 'A B C' to a tune. They were not good singers, but it was the only way they could be got to learn the alphabet. Indeed, every subject had to be taught by that method—marching and singing all the time.

When Tamate wished to hold a service the Motu-motuans were not very keen to attend, so he had often to adopt strange means of gathering a congregation.

One Sunday morning everybody seemed too busy or too lazy to come to hear him, so he marched through the village, and whenever he saw a crowd, he shouted and gesticulated till they were forced to look and see what was wrong. Then they grew curious, and finally rose up and followed him. As he went on he gathered a number of folks, and by the time he had gone round the place there was quite a good congregation. Then he began, and with his wonderful way of interesting savages, he kept their attention till he had told them some Bible story.

At length a little church was built, the natives helping to build it. The walls were of nipa palm spines, the roof thatched with leaves, and the floor of palm bark. There were two doorways on each side, and one at each end, with square holes for windows. For a long time there were no church members, and Tamate and his teachers often were the only people present. One Sunday they had a Communion service; and as it was so different from what any of you have ever seen you may like to read the description of it that Mrs. Chalmers has given in her journal.

‘It was a solemn and strange service in this wild place. I could not help contrasting it with the service at home; here the bright sun outside, and on one side the dazzling sea breaking in heavy waves up to the very steps of the church; on the other a portion of sandy beach, some native houses looking like haystacks on high posts. Coco-nuts, palms, and little peeps in between and underneath the houses of the wide river beyond; plenty of dogs and pigs running about. Inside, my table covered with white cloth, and on it a jug of coco-nut milk, and two glasses and two plates of bread. Tamate at the table, a teacher on either hand. I sat at the right hand, and on the floor at my side the native members from Pari; on the left hand the teachers and wives; in front a gathering of orderly, interested-looking natives, many gorgeously

painted and befeathered, and dark faces peering in at the six doors.'

Though Tamate had made his home at Motumotu he was often away looking after teachers he had placed throughout the district. On one occasion he went as far west as the Fly River and was absent for nine weeks. During that time Tamate Hahine was the only white woman among the three thousand savages of the place. She was not a bit afraid of them and they treated her very well, except that at night they were somewhat rowdy. Right bravely she carried on all the work, although at times suffering from fever. 'You know she is yet what is called a "new chum"', Chalmers wrote, 'but she carried on every branch of the work quite in the "old chum" way.' As a result of this trip Chalmers began to form plans for settling in the Fly River district, swampy and unhealthy though it appeared to be. There was much to be done at Motumotu yet, however, and he would never leave a post till it was firmly established.

Sometimes when Tamate went a short trip he took his wife with him, and often they had stirring adventures. Once he took her up the river to Moveave, where you remember Chalmers went some time before to make peace with the wild people who lived there. On this occasion he took a larger boat, so could not take the short cut through the creeks.

It was a much longer journey and the day was very hot, but still the scenery was all new to Mrs. Chalmers. The banks were covered with palms—nipa, sago and coco-nut, while even the deadly mangrove swamps had a certain beauty in the bright sunlight. The splash of the oars frightened the crocodiles, and they waddled off the mud banks and plunged into the river; startled birds rose all round them and flew away with loud cries.

They landed at a small village, and Mrs. Chalmers sat down in a folding chair to rest and drink the refreshing milk of the coco-nut. Soon, however, the natives crowded round her in such numbers that she could hardly get a breath of air. They had never seen a white woman before, and were naturally very curious about her. She was not sorry, however, when Tamate gave orders to march on through the bush to Moveave.

Outside the village they stopped at the house of an old chief who had died shortly before. He had been buried in front of his dwelling, and round the grave was an enclosure about nine-feet square. According to the custom of the place, the man's widow, children, and grandchildren had to live inside the square during the time of mourning. In this narrow space they slept, cooked their food and ate it. They never washed themselves, and looked a dirty, miserable lot, the widow especially so, as her body was daubed all over with clay.





THE BANKS WERE COVERED WITH PALMS.





Tamate felt sorry when he saw their plight, and longed for the day when they would learn a nobler way of honouring their dead.

When they came to Moveave itself a great feast was in progress. Crowds had come in from the neighbouring villages, and on the high platforms of the houses were piles of food—bunches of bananas, bundles of sago, heaps of taro and yams. In front of the houses cooking-pots had been placed in position, and women squatted beside blazing fires. The arrival of the strangers increased the noise and excitement. Mrs. Chalmers sat down in the shade hoping to find quiet and shelter, but that was impossible. For the second time that day she was surrounded by a staring crowd. Longingly she looked at the ladder reaching up to a fine big house near her.

‘If only I could climb up,’ she said, but the thought of venturing on those rickety steps placed so far apart dismayed her.

The native teachers who were with Tamate determined to help her. They quickly fixed a few more rungs to the ladder and up she went, though every moment she expected the swaying, creaking stairway to collapse. At last she got safely to the top. How delightfully cool and shady it was up there—far above the noise and heat of the village! In peace Tamate and his friends ate their food and drank the milk of the unripe coco-nuts. Suddenly

there was a row in the street below. Tamate was down the ladder like a shot. Bows and arrows, clubs and spears were everywhere, while angry and excited men ran backwards and forwards. A slight quarrel had arisen owing to a misunderstanding between a teacher and a native. Tamate pushed himself into the crowd, got the story bit by bit, and then in his strong, brave way put matters right. It was a narrow escape, for had a fight started the chances of Tamate and his party leaving Moveave alive were indeed small.

By the middle of 1890 it became plain that Mrs. Chalmers was so weakened by attacks of fever that a change of climate was necessary. She was rather unwilling to go, for work was beginning to advance at Motumotu. Still it would make her stronger for the future, and Tamate himself had an idea that he would like to visit Australia and the South Sea Islands, and stir anew their enthusiasm for the missionary cause. He also wanted money for a small decked boat that would be useful for journeys along the Gulf coast, so the two made up their minds to make the trip, the one in search of health, the other in hope of creating a larger interest in Papua's struggle towards the light.

## CHAPTER XVII

### 'MID THE ISLES OF THE SEA

THE steamer *Lübeck*, bound from Sydney to Samoa, rolled and tumbled in a heavy sea. It was miserable weather, and few passengers ventured on deck, but in the cabin below a happy group were gathered round 'a big stout wildish-looking man, iron grey, with big bold black eyes, and a deep, straight furrow down each cheek'. It was James Chalmers thrilling his listeners with stories of wild adventure on surf-beaten coasts and among savage peoples. One man, pale, worn and wasted, but with wonderful dreamy eyes, sat entranced. In his busy brain he had often pictured such scenes, and some of them he had set down on pages that had held young and old spell-bound, for he was Robert Louis Stevenson, the man who had written *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*.

Just as two boys meeting for the first time in the playground at school become friends for life, so Chalmers and Stevenson, when they looked into each other's eyes on the deck of that steamer, felt drawn to one another.

Long before this the novelist had come to live in the South Seas for the sake of his health, and at first

he was not very kindly disposed towards missions and missionaries, but life in Samoa had somewhat changed his opinions, and now this big strong Scotsman, heedless of fame, careless of dangers, eager only for the cause of his Master, Jesus Christ, swept away the last of his prejudices against the Christian missionary. And Chalmers, on his part, could not help loving this gentle patient man, who despite weakness and suffering dreamed his dreams 'neath the palms of Vailima, and sent forth to the world those cheery, breezy romances that have given delight to thousands. What this friendship, formed as it seemed by the merest accident, meant to a silent man like Stevenson, can be imagined when he afterwards wrote :

‘ But oh, Tamate, if I had met you when I was a boy . . . how different my life would have been ! ’

In Samoa Chalmers had a great time. Everywhere people crowded to hear him and listen to the story of his work. He unfolded to them his plan for opening up the Fly River district, and asked that native teachers from Samoa should come over and help him. Six said they were ready to go, and the training institution at Malua promised to give him as many as he wanted. How glad and thankful he was at this response ! All the dangers he had faced and the hardships he had endured were forgotten in the joy of this happy time.

All too quickly the days went by, and the steamer

on which Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers were to sail for Rarotonga arrived. Tamate said good-bye to his kind Samoan friends, and 'the Greatheart of New Guinea', as Stevenson loved to call him, passed on his way.

A few days later the mountains of Rarotonga loomed out on the horizon. Slowly the sun went down, gilding the heights with a golden gleam. Tamate stood on deck and watched them towering ever higher and higher as the vessel neared the shore. Thirteen years had passed since he had looked upon them, and as he gazed across the waters memories crowded in upon him. In fancy the old life he had spent there rose as in a picture before him. 'I wonder,' he said to himself slowly, 'I wonder what I shall find there now.'

In the growing dusk the steamer glided into the bay and dropped her anchor. The British Consul boarded the vessel and invited Chalmers and his wife to land in his boat. As they drew near the beach the old-time custom of announcing the arrivals was repeated. 'Tamate and Tamate Vaine!' rang out through the darkness.

The lights danced on the shore : the shouting went up to the village.

'Tamate and Tamate Vaine are here!'

Their coming had been unexpected, but a crowd quickly gathered. The women took possession of Mrs. Chalmers and marched off with her. Old folks

rushed out of their houses, and with tears streaming down their cheeks, fell at Tamate's feet.

'Oh, Tamate,' they cried brokenly, 'we never thought to look upon your face again on earth.'

Chalmers was deeply moved and could hardly speak. Their affection for their old missionary quite unmanned him. On he went like a hero in some triumphal procession. 'Tamate, do you remember me?' called one. Yes, Tamate remembered this old woman and that old man. His memory for names and faces was wonderful. Scholars whom he had taught and who were now grown to manhood and womanhood, he could address by name.

Half-way up the beach sad news reached him. Queen Makea's adopted son was dead. The old Queen had been a good friend to Tamate, and his heart was touched with pity for the lonely woman. In the joy of his welcome he could not forget her, and with that kindness which he always showed to those in sorrow, Chalmers bent his steps to the Queen's dwelling. As he drew near, the Queen, followed by her attendants, came out to meet him. She laid her hand on his shoulder and looked at him silently for a moment. The tears were in her eyes as she spoke tenderly of her dead son. Tamate did not speak, but led his wife forward and placed her hand in that of the grief-stricken Queen. A crowd filled the room and the verandahs, anxious to see their beloved Tamate.

'Do say something to them!' whispered Mrs. Chalmers.

Tamate got up and then sat down again.

'I cannot,' he said brokenly. It was not often that Chalmers showed such deep feeling.

Mrs. Chalmers drove to the mission house, while Tamate slipped quietly away to the place where the dead body of the Queen's son was lying in state. Then he turned and walked back through the darkness to his old home. It was thus with mingled joy and sadness that Chalmers returned to Rarotonga.

A round of visits to the mission stations in the island occupied the short time Tamate spent among his old flock. Churches and schools erected by the people themselves were numerous, houses were better built, and everywhere signs of progress met him. There was one thing that made him very sad, however. Strong drink still wrought havoc among the people. In New Guinea the curse was unknown, and to Chalmers the contrast here was very painful. The chiefs would willingly have kept drink out of the island, but, unfortunately, by bribery and other means, the white traders managed to carry on the traffic. The hot tide of indignation rose within Chalmers when he marked the terrible effects of the curse, and he felt ashamed that his countrymen should be the means of encouraging it.

From Rarotonga he sailed to New Zealand and Australia, stirring up enthusiasm wherever he went.



‘I have addressed fifteen meetings in ten days,’ he wrote, ‘and last Sunday I had four services.’

Undoubtedly Tamate was a tireless worker, whether amid the luxuries of civilization or in the wilds of New Guinea.

A few days after he got back to Port Moresby the *John Williams* sailed in with a party of native teachers on board. Five had come from Rarotonga, four from Samoa, and the rest from other islands. Tamate was overjoyed by these fresh arrivals, and was anxious to be off to the stations where he wished to place them. When arrangements had been made they all sailed west in the *Harrier*. Chalmers felt like a captain leading forth a chosen band to conquer in a desperate fight. What cared he though the wind shrieked through the rigging and the waves rose higher and higher! He was full of hope, and ready to face any danger that might lie before him.

When Motumotu was reached the sea was so rough that there was nothing for it but to anchor. Such a night of tossing and tumbling! No one slept, and Mrs. Chalmers sat lashed to her seat watching the lights of home flashing out across the angry waters. Daylight came, and two boats were seen coming out of the river, and pulling towards the *Harrier*. But how to get off the pitching vessel was a problem. When the boats came alongside they rose and fell, now high above the deck of the vessel, now far below it.



Even Tamate thought they must wait for better weather, but Mrs. Chalmers said very bravely she would try to jump. 'Stand ready to catch hold of me, boys, and when she rises again I'll spring.'

Tamate stood by his wife and watched the boat come up. 'I'm afraid you won't do it in time,' he said anxiously, but even as he spoke the brave woman landed safely. Her example gave the teachers courage, and in a short time all had left the *Harrier* and were speeding towards the river. A short, sharp struggle with the surf, a strong steady pull over the bar, and then—home at last!

Chalmers only gave himself time to see that all was right at Motumotu, when he was off again in the *Harrier*. She was going back to Cooktown for repairs, and he had to return with her to find another vessel to take her place. All went well till the Barrier Reef was reached. Carefully the trim little schooner made her way through Cook's Opening, a little to the north of Lizard Island. Every one was happy on board, and the sailors sang songs of home for they expected to reach port next morning. Night came on, and with it a strong wind and a heavy sea. Chalmers lay down in his bunk and dropped off to sleep. All at once he seemed to be dreaming of rocks. He sat up and rubbed his eyes.

Thud! thud! Crash! crash!

He sprang to his feet, pulled on his clothes, and rushed on deck. Confusion reigned everywhere.

Orders were being shouted ; sails were being taken in. Half-dazed he looked about him, and then the truth forced itself upon him. The *Harrier* was on the dreaded Barrier Reef ! A kedge-anchor was run out, and the hawser made fast to the windlass.

Heave ho ! Every man strained and tugged, but in vain. The ship was immovably fixed. Daylight came, and up went signals of distress. No answer ; no ship in sight. All day long the luckless *Harrier* was pounded on the sharp coral. How much longer could her timbers stand the strain ? Once more night fell. Rockets shot high into the sky ; blue lights flared through the darkness, and still no help came. It was Thursday night when the crash came, and as Sunday morning dawned the storm was worse than ever. The pumps, which had up till then kept down the water, were no longer able to stem the flood that poured in. Masts and rigging were cut away to ease the labouring ship. Still she rolled and tumbled so that it was difficult to keep one's feet on the deck.

' Get out the boat,' shouted the captain, realizing at length that his ship was doomed. Provisions were passed on board, and then, one by one, passengers and crew let themselves down by a rope. As Chalmers climbed along the deck he saw a man dive into the hold.

' What are you doing ? ' called Chalmers.

'I'm looking for the cat,' he replied, and soon he returned with Puss.

'What about Cockie?' asked Chalmers, remembering the ship's parrot. 'Cockie' was found and safely transferred to the boat.

And now began the long dangerous pull to Three Islands, the nearest land and in the track of vessels. There were eleven in the boat, and it seemed as if she must founder in the heavy sea. They had to bale continually and steer with the greatest care. At last, wet and weary, the shipwrecked crew reached land and took possession of a deserted hut. A fire was lit, a meal cooked, and their clothes dried. All day they looked anxiously for a passing sail. A small lugger was sighted to the north, but she failed to see their signals. At sunset another vessel hove in sight, but she too held on her course. Through the long night flares were kept burning, and often in fancy the castaways saw the lights of approaching steamers. Day broke. The faces of the anxious watchers beamed with joy. A vessel was running down the lee of the island. It was the Queensland Government's boat *Governor Cairns*. Quickly she had all on board, and that night Chalmers slept in Cooktown. He had experienced his fourth shipwreck.

When he had finished his business in Cooktown a new difficulty met him. There was no vessel likely to sail for New Guinea for some time. This did not suit Tamate. His friends at Motumotu would

wonder what had become of him, and his work had already been too long without him. He went to some government officials, and asked the loan of a ship. They granted his request, and he made preparations for sailing.

The day came, but the crew were drinking in the grog shops of Cooktown. He was told it was useless to think of going by the tide he intended. Tamate frowned: he would get that crew aboard somehow, and he did. The men tumbled to their posts; sails were hoisted, and the ship cleared the difficult harbour as Chalmers had made up his mind she should. Backwards and forwards he tramped the deck till the dangerous reef was crossed and the vessel safely at sea. He did not say much, but the commanding look on his face was enough for the men, who would rather have been carousing on shore. 'What a grand buccaneer he would have made,' wrote one who made that trip with him.

Rumours of the wreck of the *Harrier* had reached Port Moresby and it was said that Tamate was dead. Imagine the gladness when he sailed into the bay! Canoes swarmed round the ship; shouts of joy rent the air. A king returning to his country could not have had a greater welcome. But there were anxious hearts waiting for him at Motumotu, and he pressed on without delay. He was three weeks overdue, and no tidings had reached them.

One dark night, Mrs. Chalmers was sitting in the back verandah when she heard a great deal of noise on the river bank. A boy rushed in.

'Tamate, he come back,' shouted the lad excitedly. Mrs. Chalmers turned, and there was her husband home from his adventurous voyage.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE CALL OF THE UNKNOWN RIVER

'Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the need.

And the Soul that is not man's soul was sent us to lead.'

KIPLING.

ONE morning a teacher from the eastern village at Motumotu came to Chalmers in great distress.

'Tamate,' he said, 'they are going to kill me.'

'Why?' asked Chalmers.

'They say that the land and the coco-nuts belonging to the mission are theirs.'

It seemed as if there was trouble brewing. Tamate looked thoughtful. This was a matter that needed all his skill to prevent a serious quarrel. He went on with his classes, dismissed them earlier that day, and then taking his stick walked out from the village, followed by the teacher and some of his students. When he reached the disputed ground he noticed that on one of the trees there hung what appeared to be a bunch of ornaments. Chalmers at once recognized this to be a taboo, which is something like the 'Trespassers will be prosecuted' so often seen in our country, only in Papua the meaning is 'Trespassers will be clubbed'. A

threatening crowd gathered round, but Chalmers ordered them off. They hung back and watched him trace the boundaries.

‘Cut down that taboo,’ he said to a lad as he handed him a tomahawk. There were scowling faces in the crowd as the sacred sign was demolished, but Tamate never took his eyes off them.

‘Now, mark these trees as belonging to the mission,’ he said to his followers, and in silence the trees were marked. Then he spoke to the crowd :

‘The ground is ours ; it has been paid for ; you know it. The trees are those of the teacher Tauraki, who was killed by the Moveaveans ; you have heard it. I have finished.’

No man interfered. Tamate had spoken, and that was sufficient.

When he got back to the western village he found that a dress had been stolen from one of the students’ wives. Several natives were accused of the theft, and there was a great amount of wrangling and bitterness. Chalmers made them sit down, and began to hear the evidence. As he did so a wicked-looking savage, armed with a tomahawk, came out of a house and stealthily approached. Chalmers, who was ever on the alert, saw him. First the man sat down near him, and then edged closer till he got behind Tamate. Chalmers felt sure he meant to strike, so he turned round as if nothing out of the ordinary were happening.

‘Friend,’ he said, addressing the man, ‘come and sit in front ; you will see and hear better.’

Like a schoolboy who has been discovered in mischief, the man rose up and did as he was told.

That same day a Motumotuan rushed into the mission grounds to attack the students. Chalmers stepped up and disarmed him. At night he sent for him and gave him back his bow and arrows. The man did not know what to say at this unexpected kindness, and readily promised never to threaten Tamate and his friends again.

Adventures such as these happened often, but Tamate thought little about them. He went on with his work, treating the people firmly yet kindly, believing that some day the gospel of peace would change their savage natures.

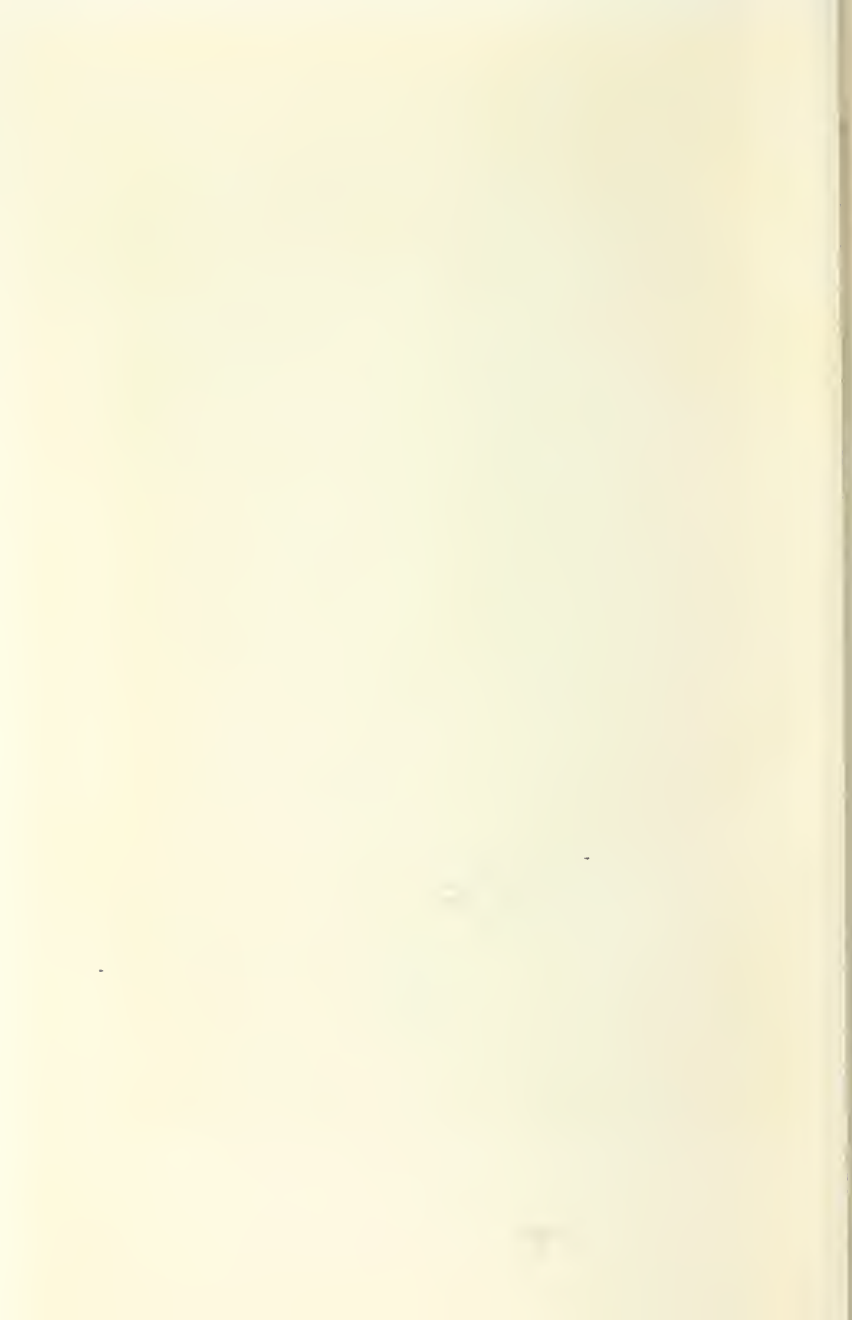
Often he was laid low with fever, and once he had to be carried to and from the boat by his students. He had been away visiting some stations and would not give in till he had done all he intended. For days he took no food, and it seemed as if he would never get better. But his unconquerable spirit helped him through. He felt that God could not mean him to die yet, when there was so much to be done. How bravely he prayed that he might be spared ! Gradually his strength returned, and once more with a glad heart he set himself to his task.

Like some people in our own land the Motumotuans





FRIEND, HE SAID, 'COME AND SIT IN FRONT! YOU WILL  
SEE AND HEAR BETTER.'



were often restless in church, and one Sunday morning there was a boy who bothered Tamate very much. He said nothing till after the last prayer, when he got up and caught hold of the lad, meaning to keep him till the others were gone and then speak to him alone. Some of the congregation went out hurriedly, but others looked as if they wanted to remain to see what would happen. Tamate waited for all to leave. Suddenly he heard a noise outside. He looked through the window and saw an excited crowd advancing, all armed with clubs and spears. They had come to take the boy away by force. Tamate guessed their intention, and sprang to the door just in time to meet the leader on the steps. In an instant Chalmers had wrenched the club from his grasp. Tamate with a club in his hand looked a dangerous person to trifle with, and the crowd vanished helter-skelter into the bush close by. The lad thought he would get away in the confusion, but he had reckoned without Tamate.

‘Not so fast, my boy!’ said Chalmers, catching hold of him. ‘You and I have something to say to each other first.’

The students had run off, feeling sure there would be murder. One of them crept quietly back.

‘Tamate,’ he whispered, ‘get away quick by the back before they return to kill you.’

Chalmers smiled. That was the last thing he would think of doing. Instead, he shouldered the

club, left the church, and marched through the village. Those who had taken no part in the affair laughed heartily at the flight of the would-be braves, and afterwards Tamate had a more attentive congregation.

In spite of all these troubles Motumotu was changing for the better. You will remember that before Chalmers settled there, the Motumotuan were the terror of all the villages far and near. They never marched out but to plunder and kill. Once Tamate was going to Maiva and went on the trail with a band of warriors as far as Oiapu. They were all armed, feather-bedecked, and painted as in the old days, but there was no robbing of plantations, and not an ill word was spoken in any of the villages through which they passed. Before Tamate left them, he asked them to promise that during the rest of their march, they would act as they had done when he was with them. They promised, and when he returned he was glad to find they had kept their word. This may seem a very little thing, but we must remember that these men were breaking off habits that had been part of their daily life for years.

Tamate had an even greater victory over native custom when a new *dubu* had been built. As he saw it nearly finished he was very anxious and tried to put off the opening ceremony as long as he could. Before this, a *dubu* had never been considered fit for living in till it was decorated by the skulls of those

who had been killed in honour of its completion. Would they go on a skull-hunt, or would they listen to him? He prayed about it; he talked with the chief men about it. They were unwilling to forgo what they held to be necessary rites; their ancestors had done it from time immemorial, but they loved Tamate. He had done much for them, and they saw how hurt he would be if they went against his wishes. You may be sure his heart was full of joy when the chiefs came and said:

‘It is all right, Tamate; there will be no killing.’

Often after that, when he went and sat with the men in the *dubu* at night and chatted with them, while the fire in the clay hearth lit up the place, he was proud to think that in New Guinea there was at least one *dubu* that had not been stained with blood.

Chalmers, as we have seen, had often many perilous adventures when landing at places, but one afternoon at Oiapu he and Mrs. Chalmers had a most exciting experience in getting away from the shore. Some distance out lay the whaleboat waiting for them, but between it and the beach great white waves rose and broke with deafening roar. Tamate and his wife got into the middle of a canoe and seated themselves on the connecting plank. There was nothing to hold on to, and it was difficult to know how they could help being washed overboard, if a wave broke over them. People

crowded the beach to see how the adventure would end, and amidst much shouting the natives pushed off, wading at first, and then swimming alongside.

On they came to the first line of surf. Like a great towering wall the wave rose before them. It rushed towards them, hissing and foaming. Mrs. Chalmers caught a stalwart native, who was swimming at the side, by the shoulder, and clung to Tamate with her other hand. There was a great shout, and at the same moment the swimmers pushed the bow of the canoe high out of the water. The wave broke and swept past them, dragging them shorewards. In an instant the men were aboard paddling with all their might. When the next roller came rushing on they jumped into the sea, and catching hold of the canoe once more held it aloft on the crest. Again and again the rush of water carried them back. Waves broke above, below, and around them. Paddle as they might the whaleboat seemed no nearer. Tamate felt like giving up the attempt, but to go back was as dangerous as to go forward. Presently there was greater excitement than ever on shore, and three men struck out through the surf. The leader was a powerful swimmer and gallantly breasted the waves.

‘Ho, ho!’ exclaimed Tamate as he caught sight of the swimmer. ‘I believe that’s the great sorcerer; they’ve fetched him to subdue the waves.’

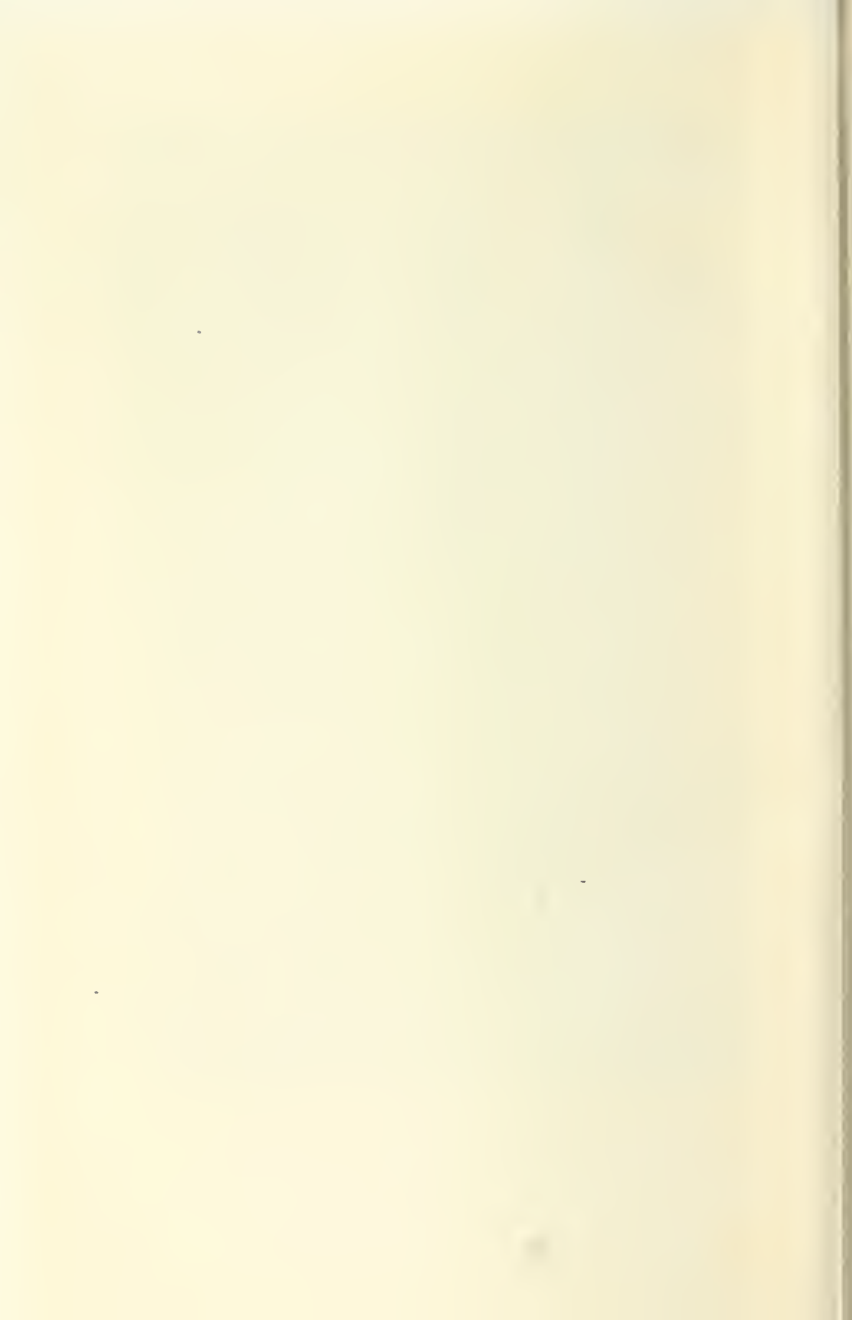
In a few minutes he was right across the bow





*Photo by E. A. Field.*

INSIDE A DUBU.





of the canoe. In each hand he held half a coco-nut. The paddlers made a desperate effort to follow in the track of the swimmer. Tamate watched his movements.

‘Look!’ he said, ‘the fellow’s got oil in the shells: fancy their knowing that trick.’

There was no doubt about it; he was pouring oil on the troubled waters and making a path of comparative calm. Eventually the whaleboat was reached. Everybody was drenched, but the sun soon dried them, and they went on their way thankful that the danger was past.

Such experiences as these never seemed to harm Tamate, but with Mrs. Chalmers it was otherwise. She was not a good sailor, and the long trips in open boats made her ill; the soakings she often got coming through the surf or tossing in the open sea caused her much discomfort, and fever often left her weak as a baby. Once when Tamate was away it looked as if she were dying. No one could give her medicine or proper food. One day she got the natives to carry her into the store where the medicine was kept. She was not able to reach out for the bottle herself, but she made her servant touch all the bottles one by one, and when she touched the right one Mrs. Chalmers nodded.

‘But how ever am I to measure out the drops?’ she said to herself. Her hand was so shaky that it seemed impossible. She knew, however, that she

must do it somehow if her life was to be saved, so she asked the natives to hold her arm steady.

Drop ! drop ! drop ! went the medicine till the proper quantity was in the glass. Mrs. Chalmers took it, and was tenderly carried back to bed. She fell asleep and wakened much better, but Tamate got a fright when he returned and saw how near death she had been. She was very brave, and declared she would soon be all right again. Chalmers knew better. Much as he disliked the idea, he felt that she must go home to England and get back her lost health. Tamate Vaine was very sad about it. She was as fond of the New Guineans as her husband was, and wanted to remain at her post. At last, however, she saw that it was her duty to go. Tamate went with her as far as Thursday Island, and in March 1892 they said good-bye to each other.

Chalmers was alone once more, but he had a great work before him. The Directors of the London Missionary Society had asked him to superintend the Fly River and Western Division of the mission. It meant far harder and more dangerous work than he had already done, for the Fly River was an almost unknown district. But Tamate had ever been a forerunner for the gospel of Jesus Christ, and this new charge opened up fresh possibilities. He made up his mind to penetrate far inland, discover the secrets of this mighty but little known river, and make friends with the people along its banks. Several

expeditions had ascended the Fly and returned with dismal accounts of its fierce inhabitants. It was said that they were the most savage and hostile in all New Guinea. Tamate was strongly advised not to go.

‘ You will never be allowed to land,’ said some.

‘ These people will certainly kill you,’ declared others.

Chalmers heard them all unmoved. In his heart was a strong belief that God was calling him, and go he must.

‘ If I too fall by the way can I or can you wish anything better than to die in the field, about the Father’s work to the last ? ’

So Chalmers set out once more and came to Dauan, the Government station, where a native teacher named Maru and his wife were awaiting him with the whaleboat. Without delay Tamate got her loaded and sailed slowly along the coast, till one evening the anchor was dropped in a creek at the south-eastern end of the island of Kiwai.

A more dreary spot could scarcely be imagined, for the island, though thirty-five miles long and from four to five miles broad, is nothing more than a great mud-bank at the mouth of the Fly River. Rank vegetation covers it to the water’s edge, and when the tide ebbs, long stretches of slimy mud-flats are laid bare.

After an anxious night on the boat Tamate landed. No living creature seemed abroad as he groped his way through the thick undergrowth. On a former visit

to the island he had seen a sandy tract, but nowhere could he find it. He felt disappointed, and the death-like stillness of the place depressed him. On he walked for a time and then suddenly stopped. He started and looked about him. No one was near and yet, clearly and distinctly, he heard a Voice.

‘ This is the way : walk you in it.’

Tamate sat down on a log. He was wide awake ; it was no dream.

‘ If Thine, O Lord, is the voice,’ he said reverently, ‘ teach me to hear and act.’

For answer there came to him yet again, clearly as before :

‘ Fear not, for I am with thee ; neither be thou dismayed.’

A great wave of fresh courage and hope broke over Chalmers. He rose up, stood erect, and marched forward. A village came in sight, but it was deserted except for two dogs that barked loudly as he approached. Still he went on, and in a few minutes came to a fine piece of ground where a house could easily be built. His face lighted up with joy, and he returned to the boat to tell of his discoveries. That afternoon they landed and took possession of one of the houses in the village. Chalmers knew he was doing a risky thing, for there might be trouble when the owner returned. The following day the people came down the river in canoes, and drew them up on the shore.

‘ Now ’, thought Chalmers, ‘ the hour of reckoning has come.’ He boldly went down to the beach and met the savages. They were astonished at his sudden appearance, and immediately seized hold of bows and arrows.

Loudly he called out that he was a man of peace, and explained how he and his friends were living in the end part of one of the houses, but would pay for it.

One fellow seemed rather decent and kept on saying excitedly :

‘ Wadi, wadi, wadi ! ’ (good).

Chalmers stepped along with him, and, to his surprise and relief, found that the house he was staying in belonged to this man.

‘ You can have the whole house, Tamate,’ he said generously, ‘ and we shall go elsewhere.’

The people were quite friendly, and more than delighted when they found that the white man was willing to pay handsomely for all he got. A site for Tamate’s new house was selected, wood gathered, and twelve natives engaged to assist in its building. Chalmers found the place was called Saguane. From its position he would be enabled to make trips up the river and also journey to the various parts of his large district, which now extended from Port Moresby on the east, right round the gulf to the Torres Straits.

While the building of the house went on Tamate

made several excursions up the river. At Iasa he found over two thousand people assembled for the feast of *mugura*, at which the young men of the district were made full members of the tribe. It was a barbarous festival, and Chalmers saw much that pained him, but he had a bright hope that in the future all would be changed.

The houses were very large, some of them nearly four hundred feet long. There were entrances at either end, and up the sides were sleeping-benches. It was in these houses that the dancing took place, wonderful dances that often went on the whole night.

Amid the flickering lights the scene was often a strange one. Men with head-dresses, twelve feet high, fashioned from the plumes of the birds of paradise, and with long white streamers attached, flitted wildly through the place. Round their waists were finely wrought bands of various colours, garters with tassels of dried nuts rattled at their knees, and silk-like ruffs clothed their ankles. Drums beat, and men, women, and children joined in the monotonous chant. Tamate, ever anxious to make friends with a new people, sat and talked with them heedless of the din around him.

The arrival of a steam launch called the *Miro*, in 1893, greatly helped Chalmers in his work. He could go farther and faster, and after a brief visit to the eastern stations he started up the river to make friends with people who had never seen a white man

at close quarters. Any who had gone before him had always been armed, and usually found it necessary to use their arms. He was going as he always went, without a single weapon, determined to make himself known to people who were deemed the fiercest of all the Papuans.

He soon found that though the Fly is called a river, it is in reality an inland sea, very wide near its mouth, and swept by gales that raise a heavy sea. Against its swift current the *Miro* was unable to make much headway, and Tamate became convinced, sadly and reluctantly, that her engines were not nearly powerful enough.

He had no charts to guide him, and the treacherous banks made sailing dangerous and difficult.

One day when crossing to an island in the river, the water suddenly became shallow.

'Stop her,' went the signal to the engine-room. The screw churned the water into white and the speed slackened. It was too late; the *Miro* was fast in a mud-bank.

The tide was rising, so a kedge-anchor was run out, and Tamate and his crew waited patiently till there was enough water to pull the vessel off. Inch by inch it crept up. All at once a loud noise, as if an express train were approaching, fell upon their ears. Louder and louder it grew, and then to their horror they descried a huge wall of water advancing upon them.

‘The bore! the bore!’ shouted the men.

In an instant it was upon them. The *Miro* was torn across the bank, anchor and all, and swept up the stream by the resistless wave. It was all over in a few moments, and then the startled crew had time to estimate the damage. The rudder refused to act, the stern post was broken, and the *Miro* useless till repairs could be effected.

In March 1894 Tamate reached Thursday Island from his lonely outpost on the Fly River. A cablegram lay waiting him. He tore it open and read: ‘Directors want you home.’



## CHAPTER XIX

### THE OUTPOST OF THE SWAMP

LONDON was sweltering in the heat of a July sun when Tamate stepped ashore at Tilbury. Mrs. Chalmers, now strong and well, was waiting for him, and the hearty handshake of a group of staunch friends cheered him after the long voyage. He was a stranger no longer, and had come home to find thousands eager to hear all he had to tell.

The London Missionary Society were arranging a series of great meetings to celebrate its hundredth birthday, and Tamate was to be the chief speaker. At one time he would have felt very nervous about undertaking such a task, but now it was different. He knew more about Papua than any other white man ; he loved its people so much that he wanted everybody to do so too. ' I have come home for good hard work,' he wrote, ' and, God helping me, I cannot get too much.'

So he started, and for months journeyed up and down the country, speaking to great gatherings of men and women and boys and girls, just as he had done on his first visit home. This time, however, people said it was a greater Tamate who stood before

them, a Tamate stronger and braver, because of all the dangers and hardships he had passed through, a Tamate who felt surer than ever that God was with him in his work.

One day he got a letter from Inverary asking him to come and be made a freeman of the ancient burgh, the greatest honour that the townspeople could bestow on him. He went north, and in the crowded Court-room the Provost handed him a silver casket containing the parchment roll that made him a free burgess of the town where once he had played as a boy. He says he gave a poor speech of thanks, for the sight of so many old friends around him made him nervous. It was only when Tamate began to talk about New Guinea that his eyes flashed and the words came from him strong and clear. But he was very proud of the honour, because it showed how pleased his old friends were with all he had done for his Master's sake in the far-off Pacific.

The constant speaking and the change of climate told on his health, and for some time he was very ill, but soon he was his old self again and went on with his task till November 1895, when he set out once more for Papua, leaving Mrs. Chalmers to follow when he had got all his houses built at Saguane.

In January 1896 Chalmers reached the Fly River, and began at once to get his new home in order. There was much to dishearten him. The mud-covered island seemed drearier than ever; his little

steamer was of little use in ascending the big river ; the people did not want him, and some of his teachers proved unfaithful. But Tamate did not despair. He built a rough schoolroom and started with a few pupils. Sometimes they came and sometimes they stayed away, but the patient white man was always there to greet the truants with a smile.

He taught them a verse of ' God save the Queen,' and a few lines of the hymn ' All hail the power of Jesus' Name.' They liked the singing, and thought it great fun to see Tamate beating time with a stick. So from day to day he persevered with the boys and girls at Saguane.

Sometimes he used to look longingly up the great river. How he would have loved to sail away on its broad waters and explore its wonders ! But James Chalmers had trained himself to place duty before inclination, and therefore he toiled on at his hard, uninteresting task. Sometimes he got on board the *Niué*, and went eastward as far as Vailala to visit the stations in that district, and have a talk with his old friends. It cheered him to know they were trying to live good lives and had given up many of their horrid customs. On one of these trips he met his old friend Aveo. He came up to Tamate one afternoon, and sitting down beside him, began to talk.

' What about those things, Tamate ? ' asked the chief after some time.

‘ What things, Aveo ? ’

‘ Why, you can’t have forgotten ? ’ and then into Tamate’s mind there came the memory of a far-off night when Aveo, trembling and afraid, had shown him his gods.

‘ Oh, of course I remember them now,’ returned Tamate. ‘ Well, what about them, Aveo ? ’

‘ You remember you wanted them—do you want them still ? ’

‘ Certainly I do, and I shall pay for them, if you will let me have them.’

‘ No, no payment, Tamate. Come to our side of the river to-night, and when no one is about you shall get them.’

Night came, and Tamate crossed to the western side of the river, and sat down to write in the teacher’s house. Soon he heard stealthy footsteps, and presently Aveo’s head appeared above the verandah. Tamate laid down his pen and looked up.

‘ Who are these men ? ’ asked Aveo in a whisper, as he pointed to two natives who had been watching Tamate at his writing. ‘ What do they want ? ’ he continued suspiciously. ‘ Send them away.’

Chalmers dismissed them with a small present, and Aveo breathed freely.

‘ Now, shut all the windows and doors, Tamate.’

This was done, and under the glow of the lamp Aveo slowly undid the wrappings of his old bag and took out the same doll-like figures he had shown to

Tamate years before. He sighed and muttered a good deal, so that Chalmers was rather afraid he might yet change his mind and keep the idols. There was a great struggle going on in Aveo's heart. He loved the Great Spirit of whom Tamate and the teachers had told him, but he still dreaded the anger of his fathers' gods.

'Come, Aveo, pack them up quickly,' urged Chalmers. His courage returned, and placing the idols in the bag he handed it over to Tamate. Aveo's renunciation was complete.

Mrs. Chalmers joined her husband in August 1897, and immediately began work among the boys and girls at Saguane. At first she did not like them nearly so well as her young friends at Motumotu, but she made up her mind that she must grow to love them, even though they were very wild and often very disobedient. You see they had never been accustomed to do what they were told, and could not understand why they should sit quietly in school and learn lessons, instead of paddling in the river or roaming through the bush.

One day there came to Saguane a party of learned men, who had come from Britain to explore New Guinea and find out all they could about its strange people. Amongst them was a Mr. Ray, a London schoolmaster, and Tamate persuaded him to stay a few days. He agreed, and of course went into the school. He knew a great many ways of making

schooltime full of happiness, and these savage, little Papuans screamed with delight when he gave them drill and lessons as he had often done with his pupils in England. But the most wonderful thing he did in their opinion, was to make a gramophone repeat the songs he sang, and say over again the pieces he recited. When he took the queer-looking instrument out of its box and began singing into the wide-mouthed horn they wondered what he was doing. They were still more astonished, and rather afraid, when some time later he turned on the machine and it began to sing. They looked at one another, not knowing whether to laugh or cry or run away.

‘Hush!’ they said in awe-struck whispers, ‘it is a ghost!’

Saguane, as you can imagine, was not a nice place at which to stay, and not without its dangers. Snakes were very numerous, and had a nasty trick of coming into the houses and hiding in dark corners. Once when Tamate was away, Mrs. Chalmers went into her bedroom, and, suddenly, up started a huge snake.

‘Oh, Katie, Katie!’ she called to the teacher’s wife, ‘come quickly.’ Katie was a splendid hand when a snake was about, and had killed many before this. In a moment Katie was beside Mrs. Chalmers, and very softly they crept into the room.

‘Very bad fellow,’ whispered Katie as she caught sight of the reptile, ‘suppose he bite man; man he soon die.’

She carried a huge knife in her hand, and as the snake wriggled amongst the thatch, she jumped up on the top of a table. The creature saw her, and prepared to strike. Katie dodged as the fangs shot towards her, and lunged at its head with her knife. She was quite excited now, and looked like a wild savage. Again and again the snake tried to take her unawares, darting this way and that, but the nimble woman was always on her guard. Mrs. Chalmers, pale and trembling, watched the fight. Who was to win—the woman or the snake?

The serpent hissed, the knife flashed; there was a heavy thud, and the reptile lay on the floor writhing in death.

One night Tamate nearly lost his life in a very simple way. He had a little study close to the house, which he reached by a narrow bridge. To get to it he had to step off the verandah and turn sharply to the right. It was very dark, and without thinking, he walked straight on, forgetting all about the turn. Down he went, plump on the hard ground twelve feet below. He was badly stunned, and when his senses returned to him and he tried to rise, he had to limp back to the house suffering great pain.

For three weeks Tamate had to doctor himself, and long after that he was very weak and became quite low-spirited. He used to say when he felt like that, 'An attack, a fight, a jolly big



row might rouse me,' and one morning he had his wish.

A girl had run away from her friends because she disliked the man they wanted her to marry. They had dragged her back, and there was a chance of her being killed if some one did not come to the rescue. Tamate heard about it, and, seizing his stick, he hurried off as fast as he was able.

A big fight was going on in the middle of the village, and arrows were flying when Chalmers arrived on the scene. Flourishing his stick above his head and shouting a warning to all, he rushed into the centre of the crowd and caught hold of the struggling girl. There was an attempt to close in on Tamate, but he looked so fierce with that great cudgel in one hand, and the trembling girl in the other, that the crowd hung back. In triumph he carried her back to the mission house, and placed her inside the fence.

'Now,' said Tamate, facing those who had followed, 'let him who dares touch her.'

No one spoke: the mob scattered, and Chalmers went into the school.

'The whole business was quite refreshing,' he wrote, 'and I felt much better after it.'

About this time Chalmers and his wife set out in the *Niue* to visit Thursday Island. Not long after leaving Saguane a fierce storm arose. The little ship was battered and buffeted so that it seemed as if she must founder in the mountainous waves. To



make matters worse, there were sunken reefs and sandbanks around them on which their frail craft would have been broken to pieces had she struck. It was a terrible time, and Chalmers, soaked to the skin, never left the deck. The rigging was carried away by the squall, and the timbers so strained that the pumps had to be kept going all the time. So crippled was the *Niué* that Chalmers was glad to creep in under the shelter of a small island. There were only sixteen people on it, but they were very happy though they seldom saw a stranger, for their home was out of the track of vessels.

When Chalmers landed he was surprised to find a pretty little church with a nice shade round it. He asked the islanders all about it, and they told him that one of their number knew a little of religion, and had prayers with them every morning and evening, so they built a place in which they could meet. Their teacher was a poor man who had learned that God was a loving Father, that Jesus was His Son, that it was wrong to lie, and steal, and murder.

‘That is all I know,’ he told Tamate, ‘but we pray for more light.’

Chalmers had found a brother missionary in that lonely isle.

As you know, Tamate very much wished to explore the Fly River, but so long as he had to look after the mission stations along the wide stretch of coast that was impossible. In April 1900, however, his heart

was gladdened by the arrival of a fine young minister, Oliver F. Tomkins. He was to relieve Tamate of part of his work and set him free to extend the mission along the river banks. From the first day Chalmers saw this strong, keen man, he loved him. He was the very kind of fellow he wanted.

‘He will do : send us two more of the same sort,’ he wrote home to the Directors. And so Chalmers and Tomkins set to work, determined to do great things for their Master.

But over Tamate’s home there was coming the dark shadow of the Angel of Death. Mrs. Chalmers became very ill, and for fourteen long, weary weeks she lay suffering patiently, and then to Tamate and his wife there came the dread knowledge that she would never be well again.

Outside the house the children used to gather and sing their hymns, while a smile of pleasure lit up the face of the brave woman. Only one thing troubled her : she did not want to die at Saguane, and be buried in the swamp, so one October day Tamate carried her on board the *Niuvé* and sailed away to Daru. They reached the little island harbour in the evening, and the next day Tamate Vaine was dead. In the native cemetery Chalmers and a few friends laid her to rest, and then the stricken man went back to his post of duty.

‘I return to loneliness, but to work, and all is well,’ were the noble words he wrote to a friend.

But Tamate was not destined to labour much longer at Saguane. The sea was steadily encroaching on the land, and at last Chalmers was forced to take down his buildings and settle at Daru. It was arranged that Mr. Tomkins was to stay there chiefly, while Tamate continued to explore the Fly River and the unvisited coast beyond it. This was now possible, because he had got a beautiful new boat, the last gift of Mrs. Chalmers to the mission. He was very proud of it and anxious to prove its worth at once.

‘ My time may be short,’ he said ; ‘ there is much to be done, and I certainly do want to help in it.’

## CHAPTER XX

### THE UNRETURNING BRAVE

'How grand it would be to sit down in the midst of work and just hear the Master say: "Your part is finished; come!"'

ONE OF THE LAST LETTERS OF JAMES CHALMERS.

'Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman.'

EPITAPH ON CAPT. OATES OF THE SCOTT  
ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

IT was daybreak at Daru on April 4, 1901. Chalmers rose, dressed himself, knelt in prayer, and then went out. A strong wind was blowing, and dark clouds scudded across the sky. At her anchorage lay the *Niué* with the whaleboat astern. Tamate glanced at the rising sea and wondered if it would be wise to start on his trip to the fierce cannibals of the Aird River delta. He was very keen to go, for it was the only coast district from Port Moresby to Torres Straits where he was unknown. A heavy shower drove him back to the shelter of his house, but, hoping the weather would improve later, he went on with his preparations for the journey. At last they were complete, and he opened his diary to make the usual morning entry.

'8.40 a.m. Blowing and showers. Hope to leave. Will go down and see.'

He laid the book aside and carefully arranged the papers in his desk. A sudden thought seemed to strike him. He might never return. Very deliberately he drew out the paper on which his will was written, and laid it uppermost. The lid closed with a snap, the key turned, and Tamate strode off towards the shore.

It was some hours later. The wind was less boisterous and the sea quieter. They were hoisting the sails on the *Niué*, while on her deck stood James Chalmers, Oliver Tomkins, a Rarotongan teacher, Nagari, a native chief, and ten mission lads. In a few minutes the anchor was up, and, with her canvas spread to the breeze, the *Niué* bowled along.

Past Saguane, across the mouth of the Fly River, and along the coast, safely sailed the little vessel, till on the afternoon of April 7 she was off the island of Goaribari. Sails were furled, and the anchor chain rattled down through the blue depths. Out from the shore shot a fleet of canoes filled with wild-looking natives, fully armed. They swarmed over the vessel, and seemed determined to keep possession of it. When sunset came Chalmers told them they must go away for the night, but they did not see any need for this, and wanted to stay.

‘Go now, my friends,’ said Tamate, ‘and to-morrow we shall visit your village.’

The proposal pleased them and they paddled

ashore, while those in the *Niué* went to sleep in the hope that all was well.

But round a fire in the *dubu* at Dopima a group of savages talked as they smoked their pipes. One man with fierce, cruel eyes was speaking.

‘Let it be so, my brothers. To-morrow, when the big star shall have climbed into the heavens, the white man and his friends shall die.’

Shouts of approval and grunts of satisfaction sounded through the skull-decked temple, and out into the night slipped the messengers of death. From village to village they passed, bidding the chief men come to Dopima at daybreak. Let them not delay, for there was work such as they loved to be done ere night.

Up rose the sun in radiant splendour, and from the *Niué* were wafted the notes of a hymn and the sound of a man’s voice lifted up in prayer :

‘Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.’

The shouts of savages broke in upon the morning stillness. They were coming across the bay towards the *Niué*. Up her sides and over her decks they clambered, every man carrying his club or bamboo knife. Chalmers felt anxious for the safety of his party. He did not like the noisy, impudent demands of the natives, and told them they must go ashore.

They refused, and became very angry. Tamate saw that the moment had come for him to act.

‘I shall go ashore by myself,’ he said to his friends, in the hope that the savages would go with him.

In a moment Tomkins was at his side.

‘If you go, Tamate, I go too.’

Chalmers looked into the eyes of his brave young follower. He had not spent all these years amongst Papuan cannibals without knowing that their defiance most likely meant death to all. For his own safety he cared but little ; he had done his day’s work, but this fresh, eager heart—was it right to risk a life so full of hope ? All the nobility and greatness of James Chalmers rose within him. Very tenderly he pleaded with Tomkins to remain on the vessel, and allow him to go alone. It was in vain. Oliver Tomkins had put his hand to the plough and would not look back in the hour of danger.

The whaleboat was drawn alongside the *Niué*. Chalmers and Tomkins jumped in, followed by Nagari and some of the mission boys. Oars flashed in the morning sun, and the blue waters ran out in long ripples as the boat sped shorewards. At once the canoes with their noisy occupants darted off in her wake. On the *Niué* some natives still remained, and no sooner did the whaleboat disappear up the creek than they looted the vessel, carrying off all they could lay their hands upon.

Midday came, and Tamate did not return. The

afternoon dragged on, and there was no sign of him. A breeze sprang up and, lifting her anchor, the crew sailed the *Niué* closer to the shore. Nowhere was there any trace of Tamate. Sunset came, tinging the water with lurid hue, and then the cold silent stars came out. On the deck of the mission vessel a group of men sat huddled together with a chill fear gripping at their hearts. Why had Tamate not come back? Anxious eyes peered into the darkness; listening ears strained to catch the faintest sound.

Vain, vain was their watch. Tamate would come no more. In the long *dubu* at Dopima he and his faithful band had fallen beneath the murderous clubs and won for themselves the martyr's crown.

‘Tamate is dead, and the mission is done,’ said the faint-hearted, when the dread news flashed across the world. But they were wrong.

A few weeks later an old Rarotongan, with tears streaming down his furrowed cheek, bent over a letter he was writing:

‘Hear my wish. It is a great wish. The remainder of my strength I would spend in the place where Tamate and Mr. Tomkins were killed. In that village I would live. In that place where they killed them, Jesus Christ's name and His work I would teach to the people, that they may become Jesus' children. My wish is just this. You know it. I have spoken.’



‘Tamate is dead, but others will carry on his work,’ said the hopeful, their eyes fixed on the vision of Papua won for Christ. And they were right.

Tamate’s work goes on. Beyond the mangrove swamp the mission house stands amid the palms, and on the hill-sides the tinkling bell of the little church calls the dusky Papuans to the worship of the one true God.

Twelve years pass. It is July 6, 1913, and there is an unusual stir at Suau. A new church, built and paid for by the natives, is about to be opened. Strange things have happened since the day when Tamate and his friends, on that very spot, waited grimly for death at the hands of howling cannibals. The same hills still stand guard over the village, the same trees cast their grateful shade. Out from the shore the waves gently lap Tau-veu, or man-rock, where in past days the people of Suau laid their victims, while the horrible process of dividing the spoil was carried out. Cooking-pots of the same old pattern steam on the fires, but not in preparation for a cannibal feast. These things have passed away for ever. Suau is a Christian village, and on this day of days men and women, quiet and orderly, make their way towards the new church. Soon it is filled, and a native teacher rises to speak.

‘Tamate is glad to-day!’ he says, with kindling eye. Strange words, when one remembers how long

Tamate has been dead. But those gathered there are the fruits of his labours. They have not forgotten him. Tamate lives in their hearts for ever.

Greatheart is dead, they say.

Greatheart is dead, they say?

Not dead, nor sleeping! He lives on. His name

Shall kindle many a heart to equal flame;

The fire he kindled shall burn on and on,

Till all the darkness of the lands be gone

And all the kingdoms of the earth be won,

And one.

A soul so fiery sweet can never die,

But lives, and loves, and works through all eternity.

. . . . .

Up the hill that leads to the house where Robert Louis Stevenson lived and died there runs a road that is called the Road of the Loving Heart. It was built by some native chiefs to whom Stevenson showed a little kindness, and handed over to him in token of their gratitude.

One day while the men were toiling in the burning sun, there came along an English captain, who had also a great admiration for the novelist. He asked what they were doing, and was told the story of their task.

‘I must be in that too!’ he exclaimed as he threw off his coat and began felling a tree.

There is another Road of the Loving Heart along which has passed a brave, unselfish hero. It is the

unfinished track that James Chalmers, for love of his Master, laid down with unwearied and unceasing toil. Some day it will be finished, fair and broad, the highway of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

We close our eyes, and before us there seems to lie the reef-fringed shore and the palm-girdled village. A white man, far from home and kindred, stands amid a savage people telling forth the story of the God of Love. He is at work on the Road of the Loving Heart.

Our eyes are wide open again, but the vision of the lonely man is with us still. We cannot forget him : we do not want to forget him. At night we pray for him ; with our little gifts we would help him ; perhaps some day we may join him for—O Road of the Loving Heart—we must be in that too.









University of California  
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY  
305 De Neve Drive - Parking Lot 17 • Box 951388  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90095-1388

Return this material to the library from which it was borrowed.

---

JAN 15 2007



DU 746. C3N14



3 1158 01108 924

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 999 287 6

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
THIS BOOK CARD



University Research Library

DU 746. C3N14

CALL NUMBER

SER VOL



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27  
IBM L30202



U